THE BYSTANDER
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JUNE 27, 1928
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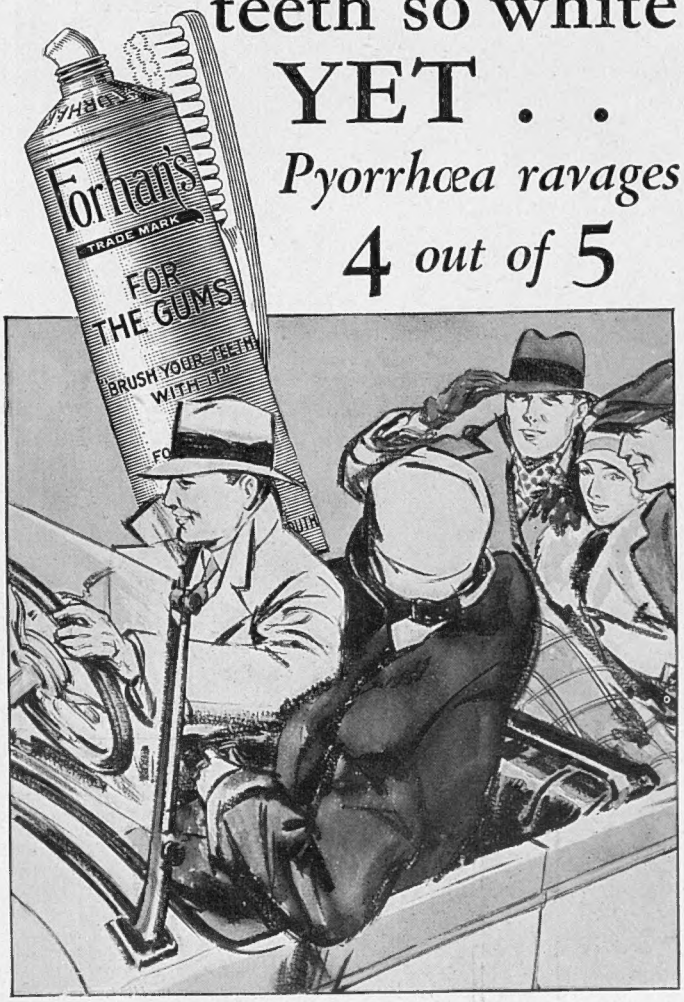

Many people, while in the heyday of life, are relegated to the background — unwilling spectators who have surrendered health to Pyorrhœa.

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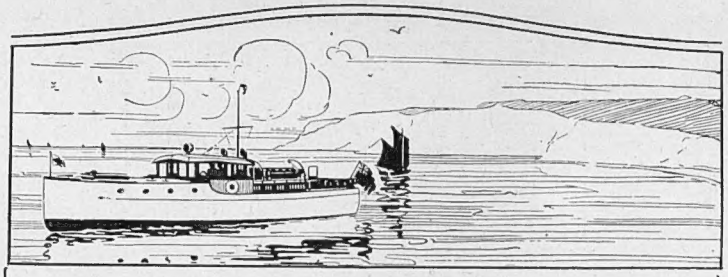

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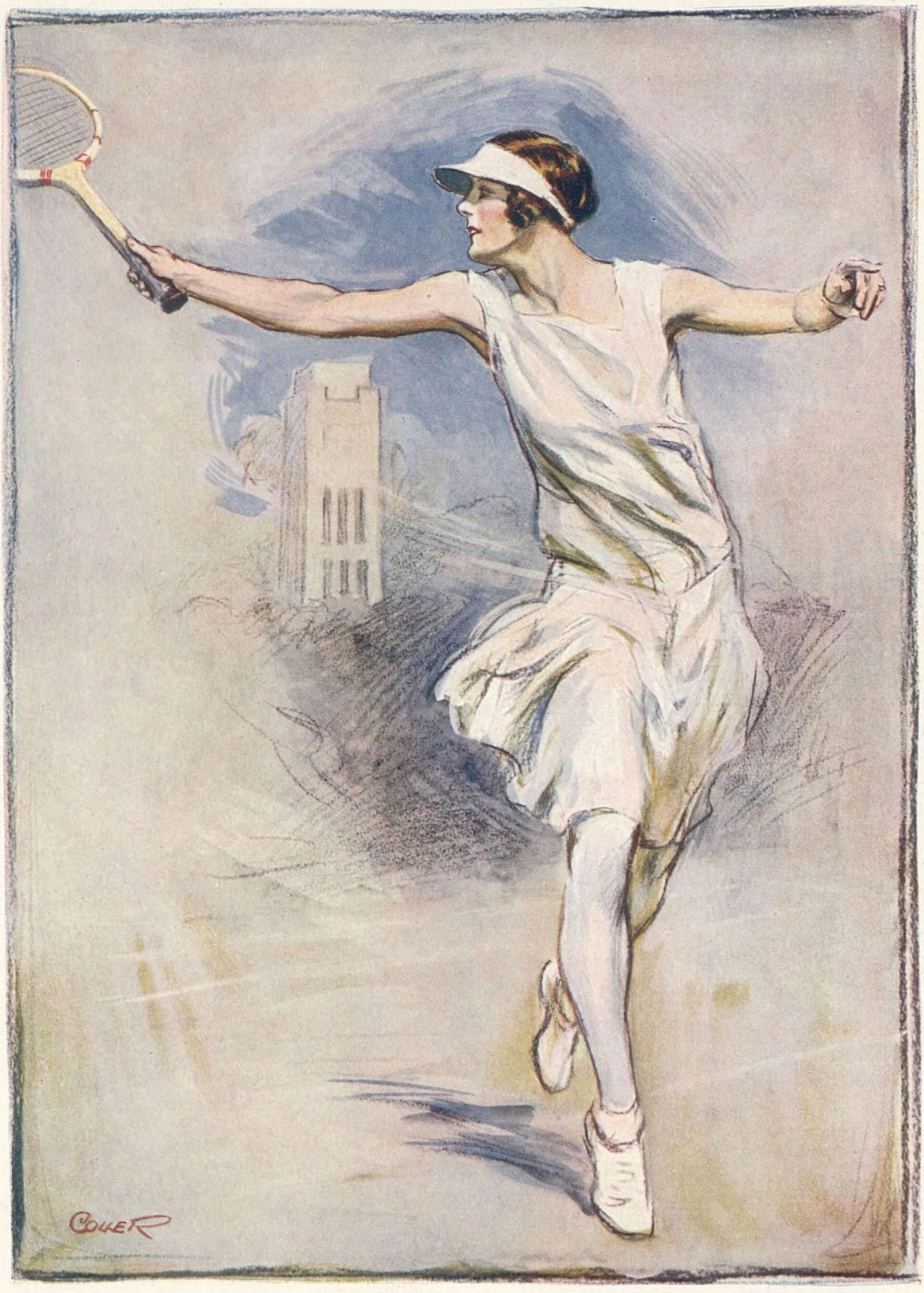
The BYSTANDER

LAWN TENNIS NO.



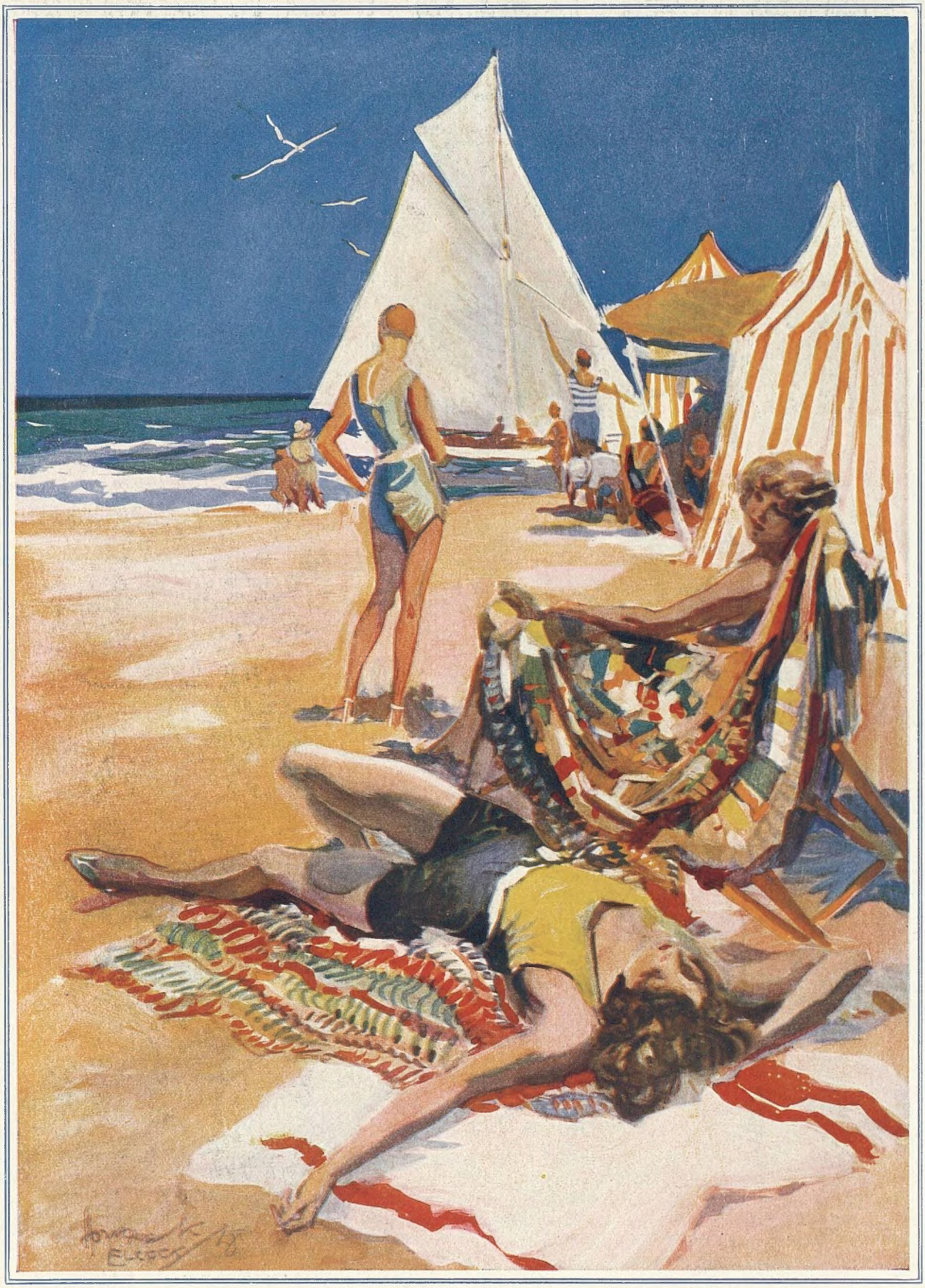
NEW SERIES

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. COLLER

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION: No. 1—MISS EILEEN BENNETT

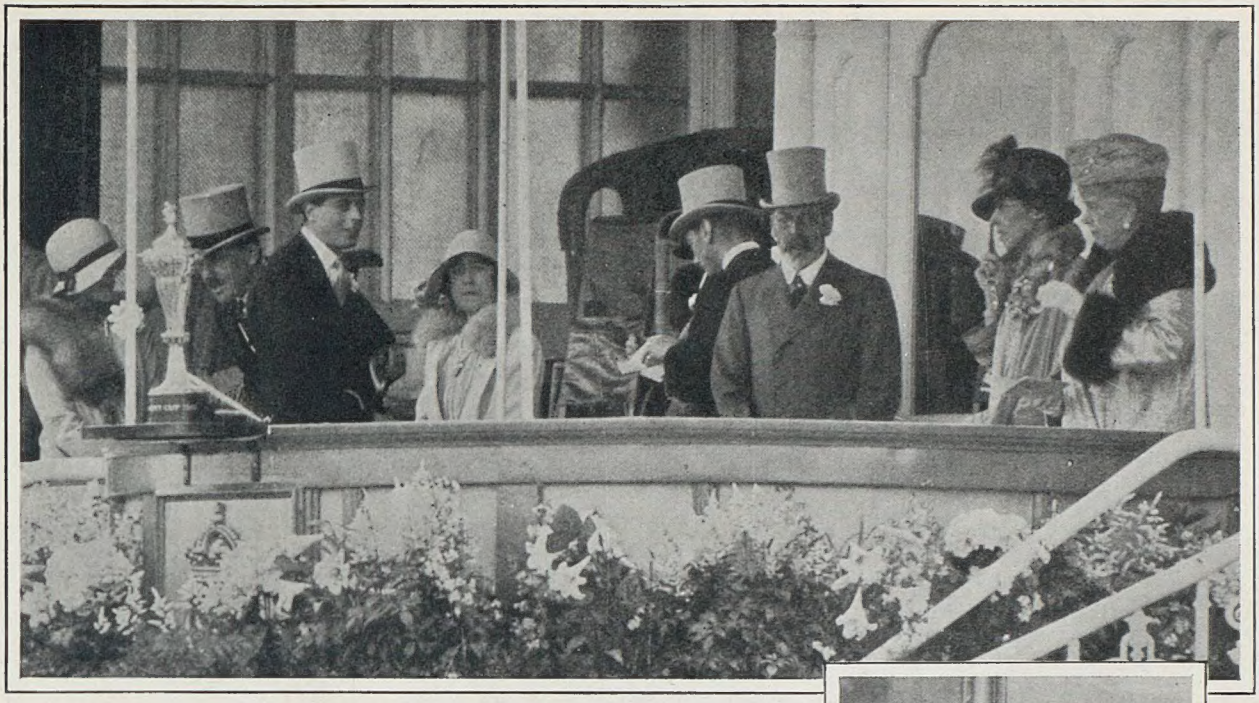
This young English player's perfection of style marked her out in her early days as a personality to be reckoned with. The promise she showed was amply borne out when she won the Mixed Doubles Championship of America with Henri Cochet, and by the fact that she is regarded as our leading string for Wimbledon

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.



BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

SUN WORSHIPPERS



IN THE ROYAL BOX *Central News*

Members of the Royal party at Ascot on Royal Hunt Cup day. In addition to the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince George and Princess Victoria can be seen

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Ascot

WE have two spectacles in England every year which you cannot see in any other country in the world. One is the opening of Parliament by the King and the other is the Royal procession from the Golden Gates down the course at Ascot. And added to that there is likewise no race-meeting in the world to compare with Ascot in social significance, because all the people in the Enclosure are the guests of the King.

This year the procession was even more interesting than in other years, because all the King's children were in the State landaus which swept along the course with the outriders and footmen in the Ascot livery. Their Majesties' carriage had four greys, the others had four bays. It is a thrilling sight. Ascot is the only race-meeting that opens with cheers.

Guests at Windsor

THIS year most of the guests at Windsor outside the members of the Royal Family were close personal friends of the King and Queen. They were the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe, the Earl of Granard, who is Master of the Horse, and his Countess, who is a cousin of the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, and Lord Revelstoke.

Amongst the younger folk were Lieut.-Commander Clare Vyner and Lady Doris Vyner—the latter a close friend of the Duchess of York and one of her bridesmaids, as Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox—and Sir Victor Mackenzie, who was Lord Lascelles's best man.

Nobody is so faithful to old friendships as the King. Every year the Marquise d'Hautpoul, a devoted friend of Queen Alexandra, is included in the Royal party at the *Victoria and Albert* for Cowes Week, and Mrs. Arthur James, who was a great friend of King Edward and entertained him constantly at her house in Grafton Street, was a guest at Windsor for the Ascot week.

Photopress

THE NEW SPEAKER

Captain the Rt. Hon. Edward Algernon Fitzroy, who was elected Speaker of the House of Commons last week. He is the younger brother of Lord Southampton, and was Deputy Chairman of Committees for some years

The Social Side of Royal Ascot

Society with a capital S was more to the fore than ever at Ascot this year. The wonderful dresses of the women, the coaches and gay enclosures all served to reawaken the old social glories of the aristocrat of race meetings

Sport and General

MISS JOYCE LINDSAY AND LADY CLARK

Sport and General

THE EARL OF WHARNCLIFFE AND LADY BROUGHTON

Alfieri

THE HON. ARCHIBALD AND LADY IRENE CUBITT

British Illus.

THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT AND MRS. IAN BULLOUGH

Topical

SIR DOUGLAS AND LADY HALL

Topical

LORD PORTARLINGTON AND MISS HUNTER

Entertaining

THE motor now makes it possible for people living at some distance from Ascot to entertain for the week in their own homes. Thus the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston had a large party so far afield as Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke; the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville had a party at Polesden Lacy, near Dorking, where the Duke and Duchess of York spent the first part of their honeymoon, and Viscount and Viscountess Astor had a party of thirty at Cliveden, near Taplow.

Houses in and around Ascot let well, I hear. The Earl and Countess of Lonsdale were at The Grange, Ascot; one of their guests being the Earl of Sefton, whose son, Viscount Molyneux, was staying at Windsor Castle. Sir Victor and Lady Warrender were at Pembroke Lodge, Sunninghill, and the Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Beckett at Kingsmere, Sunningdale.

There was as usual much entertaining by people living in the neighbourhood, notably Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill at Queen's Mead, Windsor; the Hon. Percy and

Mrs. Thellusson at Titlark's Farm, Sunningdale; and Viscount and Viscountess FitzAlan at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor.

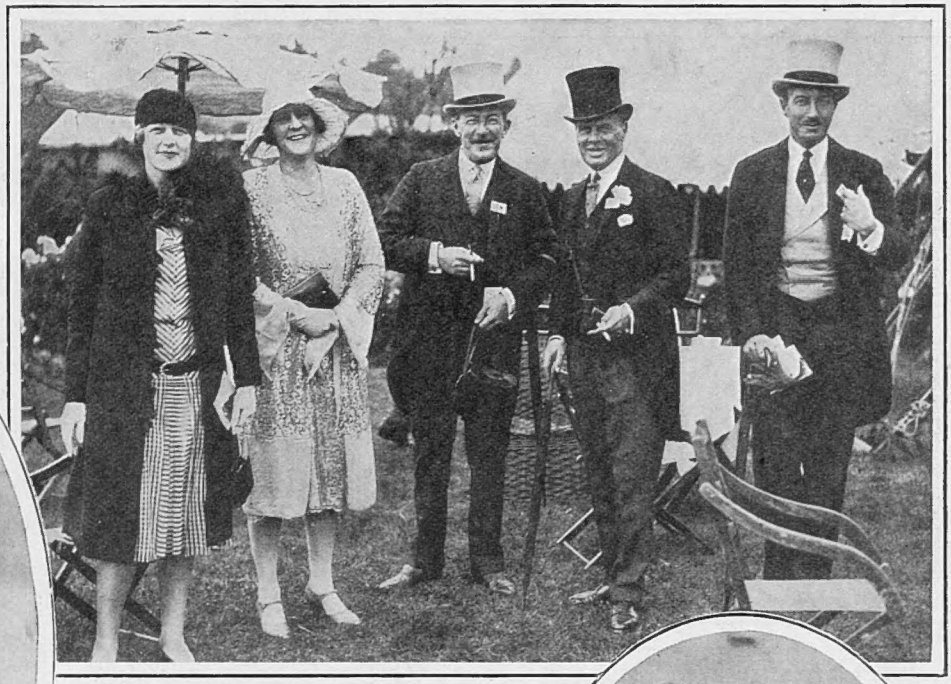
Ascot and the New Poor

ASCOT is an expensive business for those whom taxation has forced to take care of their pennies. To begin with, the much coveted voucher for the Enclosure costs 6 guineas, and on the top of this there are many other extras, not to speak of new dresses. No man could be such a barbarian as to expect his wife to go to Ascot in anything but the newest fashion.

It is surprising what a number of people get over the difficulty of expense at Ascot by going to the paddock only. The entrance here is a guinea, and there they remain for the rest of the day. They see all their friends, as everybody flocks to the paddock in between the races; and likewise they see all the horses. The only drawback is that unless some kind person asks them to one of the club tents for a drink or luncheon they have to stand all day long, unless they take advantage of one of the two luncheon rooms in the paddock itself. But some of the more careful ones take their own sandwiches and never sit down at all!

Alfieri

LADY FOX



G.P.U.

MRS. CAVENDISH, (left), MRS. MOULE, GENERAL CAVENDISH, MAJOR GERRARD AND CAPT. MOULE

Alfieri

LADY READ AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS VINCENT

LADY MARDEN *L.N.A.*

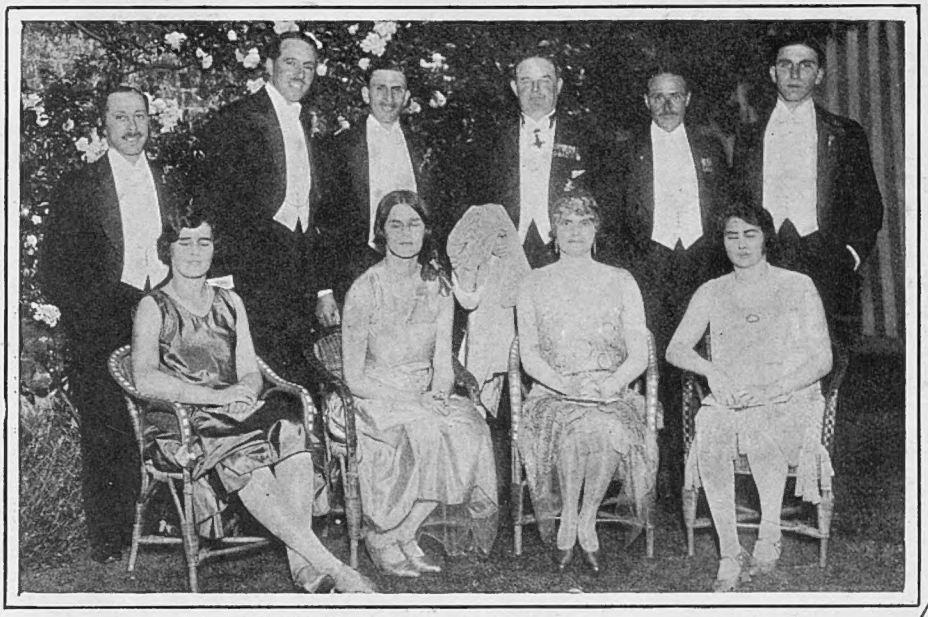
Central Press

LADY BOMANJI AND FRIEND

The Governor of Rome

I DOUBT if the Governor of Rome, Prince Potenziani, has any time now in the midst of his arduous labours to think of horse-racing. But in the days before Signor Mussolini persuaded him to undertake the heavy duties of that Governorship he was very well known amongst English racing folk for his love of horses and his interest in the Turf.

Perhaps his visit to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London gave him the opportunity of reviving, if only *en passant*, old memories and old interests. Added to his interest in our racing, Prince Potenziani speaks English perfectly—as, by the way, does the present Italian Ambassador, Signor Chiarramonte Bordonaro. The Prince's charming



AT THE GREAT FOSTERS BALL *British Illus.*

A group of dancers who sat out in the grounds at the Ball held at Great Fosters, Egham, in aid of the King Edward VII Hospital. The photograph shows Miss Parbury, Miss Goldsmid, Lady Stern, Miss Marjorie Raphael, Mr. Thomas Beddington, Captain Hugo Beddington, Mr. Charles de Worms, Sir Alfred Stern, Captain W. Beddington, and Mr. George de Worms

manner and unfailing tact, combined with his high abilities and position in Roman Society, doubtless led Signor Mussolini to appoint him to the position which he fills so successfully—an instance of the old Italy joining hands with the new Italy.

You who know Rome will remember the beautiful Palazzo Spada, near the Tiber, with its fine statues. That palace is Prince Potenziana's home and the scene of some of the most interesting entertainments in Rome.

I know you like family histories, so I will tell you that of Prince Potenziani's family. A Polish gentleman called Grabinski took service with Napoleon and became a General. When the crash came and the golden bees and eagles were swept away the Polish General took refuge at Bologna. There he married the only daughter of the last Prince Spada. His only son married the only daughter of the last Prince Potenziani—history repeated itself—and dropping his Polish surname became Prince Potenziani.

Until last year, the guest of the Lord Mayor and Corporation bore the title only of Prince Potenziani. Now his actual title is Prince Spada-Potenziani, because the *Consulta Araldica* —the Italian College of Heralds—has recognised his right to the princely title of Spada, as he is the last representative of that family. So, you see, the Governor of Rome is doubly a prince.

Besides the beautiful Palazzo Spada in Rome he has a big estate at Rieti, in Umbria.

Other Days—Other Views

THE announcement that the marriage of the Earl of Munster to Miss Hilary Wilson will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, early in July reminds me of the interesting fact that between James II and William IV no English Kings conferred titles of nobility upon their illegitimate children—that is, if they had any.

Charles II and James II showered dukedoms on their sons by mistresses. But by the time William IV ascended the throne "the divinity that doth hedge a king" was not so generally accepted as in the days when Charles II's creation of his son by Nell Gwynne—the erstwhile Drury Lane orange-girl—as a duke passed without protest and almost without comment.

William IV as Duke of Clarence had four sons and four daughters by Mrs. Jordan, one of the most brilliant comedy actresses of her time. When it became clear that he must inevitably succeed George IV the *liaison* of many years was ended for "reasons of State," and Mrs. Jordan went abroad. But William IV was devoted to his eight children.

William IV did not dare to make his eldest illegitimate son a duke. But he made him Earl of Munster, Viscount Fitz-Clarence, and Baron Tewkesbury, and gave his three brothers and four sisters the rank and precedence of the children of a marquess. The present Earl is the descendant of William IV's son, who married an illegitimate daughter of the immensely rich last Earl of Egremont, from whom Lord Leconfield is also descended.

EN ROUTE FOR ENGLAND

The Hon. Mrs Gupta, who has arrived in London, photographed during the voyage on the "Rajputana." She is a daughter of the late Lord Sinha, the first Indian peer, and has many friends over here. The photograph was taken by another Indian lady, Dr. Chatterjee

Bassano

A WEDDING OF THE MONTH

The Hon. Somerset Butler and his bride, Miss Barbara Jacomb-Hood, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacomb-Hood, of Calcutta photographed after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Mr. Butler is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Carrick

Help the Children

I PARTICULARLY want to recommend to your consideration, my good people, an appeal which is being made for the Queen's Hospital for Children in the Hackney Road, Bethnal Green. This hospital, of which the Duke of York is president, is not very well known, but it ministers to a large population which is just on the poverty line, and the claims upon its beds are unceasing. Many hospitals have a credit balance upon which they can draw in case of necessity. Unfortunately, the Queen's Hospital for Children is not in this enviable position, so please do what you can to help its work of healing amongst the little children, because without your help that work may suffer.

W. A. Rouch
LIEUTENANT BIZARD

Planet News
CAPTAIN YOSHIDA (left) AND COMMANDER KIDO, THE FIRST REPRESENTATIVES OF JAPAN AT OLYMPIA

W. A. Rouch
CAPTAIN E. B. DE FONBLANQUE

RIDERS AT OLYMPIA

Some representatives of the French, Japanese and British Armies who are jumping at the International Horse Show at Olympia. Lieutenant Bizard won the King George V Gold Cup last year

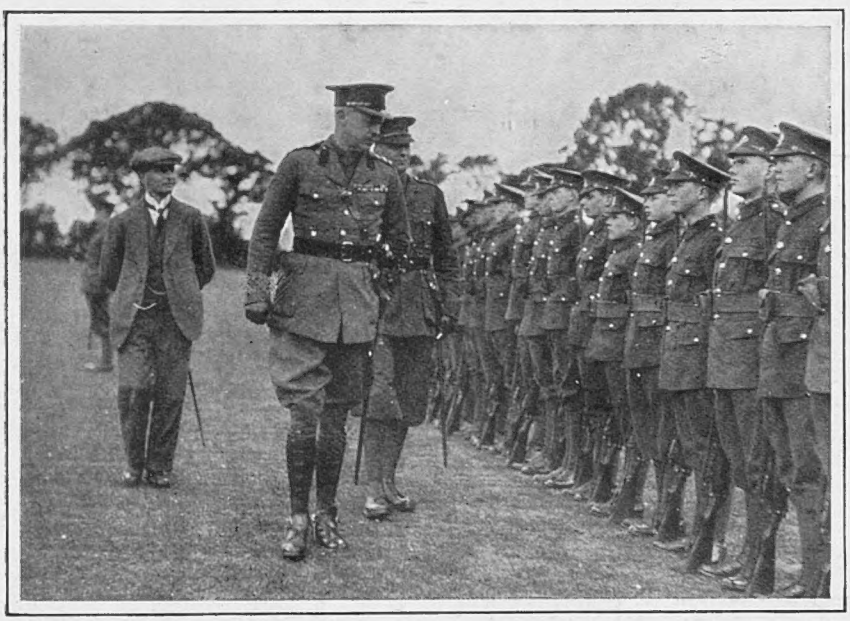
A Wonderful Ball

THE Marchioness of Carisbrooke is organising a Bal Masqué in aid of the People's League of Health, which promises to be one of the most picturesque spectacles of the Season. It will take place on July 9. Negotiations are pending for the loan of Dorchester House, which would be an ideal setting. If these fail, the ball will take place at the May Fair Hotel. I will let you know.

A special feature of the ball will be a series of quadrilles in costumes of the times of Queen Victoria, Napoleon I, Charles II, George III, and a Watteau Quadrille of *débutantes*, with a procession of lovers of all the ages. Lady Newnes is arranging the Watteau Quadrille, and amongst the *débutantes* taking part in it will be Lady Ellesmere's daughters, Lady Anne and Lady Jane Egerton; Lady Hermione Lytton, and Miss Diana Guest, the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest, who financed the flight across the Atlantic of the "Friendship" 'plane.

The Prince of Wales has given his patronage to the ball. The tickets, including supper, are two guineas each, and may be obtained from the Ball Organiser, the People's League of Health, 12, Stratford Place, W.1.

W. A. Rouch
CAPTAIN W. H. MUIR



AN O.T.C. INSPECTION

Colonel Lord Roundway walking along the ranks at his recent inspection of the Hurstpierpoint College O.T.C. With him is Captain R. F. Wright, who was in charge of the parade, and on the left is the Headmaster, the Rev. H. Bernard Tower

A Correction

IN our issue of May 30 we published a photograph as that of Miss Enid M. Burnside. We regret that, through a photographer's error, the photograph was actually of Miss Enid Burnside's sister, formerly Miss Elsie M. Burnside, and now the wife of Captain H. C. T. Stronge, D.S.O., M.C., The Buffs.

CAPTURED ON THE HEATH By "The Tout"

Mr. R. McCreery is to be congratulated on having a really good horse in Apelle, the winner of the Coronation Cup. Mr. L. Neumann has been a patron of Gilpin's stable for the past twenty years or more and got third in the Derby with Black Watch, despite adverse criticism of his staying powers. G. Sadler is one of the famous Newmarket family and trains for Sir Lewis and Lady Richardson at Falmouth House

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Popular Priory Park

I do not remember ever to have been more confident regarding the issue of an important handicap than I was over Priory Park in the Royal Hunt Cup. I am glad to know that the sanguine selection of this horse made in these Notes last week turned out so happily. There was not a moment in the Hunt Cup when the supporters of Priory Park had any real cause for anxiety. Although St. Jerome was several lengths in front of him at one time, it seemed to me that Priory Park was always travelling like a winner. When he was called on for a supreme effort the race was all over in a few strides. It can now be claimed for him that he is the most successful handicap performer in training. I shall not be surprised if a further triumph or two is in store for him before the end of the season.

A Fine Meeting

Although Gold Cup afternoon was dull and drizzly, we can look back agreeably upon the pleasant conditions under which the Ascot meeting was held. The opening afternoon was fine enough, excepting for an absence of sunshine, but the second day was simply flawless in regard to its weather. It is difficult to compare the attendances of one year with another, but my opinion was that the crowd on Hunt Cup day was in excess of any I have ever seen at Ascot. It was a great tonic to observe the immense success of the meeting after we had been told so often that racing was on the down grade and was losing its hold on the sport-loving public. And here I would like to put in a complimentary word to the Southern Railway on the perfection with which it carried out its wonderful service of special trains. There was not the slightest hitch, so far as I could see, in their organisation.

Backers in Form

So far as the first three days were concerned, backers had no cause to complain. Nearly all the winners on the opening afternoon were substantially supported, several more favourites turned up on Wednesday, and four scored on the third day. The form in the Derby did not work out too well. Gang Warily, who had run so well at Epsom, proved a disappointment in the St. James's Palace Stakes. I was not unprepared for his defeat after seeing him in the paddock before the race, as Mrs. Drummond's colt looked appreciably lighter than he had done at Epsom. Royal Minstrel, the winner of this race, is evidently a miler of uncommon smartness. In fact, his trainer is wondering whether there is a better colt in training over a mile course. Black Watch, third in the Derby, had to rest content with the same place in the King Edward VII Stakes. The fact that Sunny Trace now finished four lengths in front of him seems to prove conclusively that there was something radically wrong with the Derby running. The opinion I expressed at the time, viz., that several of the jockeys rode injudiciously in the big Epsom race, has been fully borne out.

One for the St. Leger

Cyclonic, who scored in handsome style, is a colt certain to be talked about a good deal in connection with the St. Leger. He appears to possess plenty of staying power, and if all goes well with him Felstead and Flamingo will assuredly find him a formidable rival on the Town Moor. Some of the surprises at Ascot occurred in the two-year-old races. It was, for example, a regular eye-opener to find Reflector winning the Coventry Stakes after the way in which he had misbehaved himself in his two previous outings. This time Mr. Anthony de Rothschild's colt gave no trouble at the start, and it was left to him to prove too good for the strongly fancied French colt, La Fayette, who bears a pronounced resemblance to his sire, Epinard.

The Aga Khan's Colt

Another surprise of a milder order was caused when Empire Builder failed in the Chesham Stakes, though it should be borne in mind that this colt was giving weight away all round. Still, Costaki Pasha won so easily that it is reasonable to assume that he would have prevailed had he been meeting Empire Builder on level terms. I was glad to see the Aga Khan win this race, for the luck of the Whatcombe stable has been simply atrocious so far this season. One of the two-year-olds who not only maintained her reputation but enhanced it at the meeting was Arabella, the stylish winner of the Queen Mary Stakes.

Cup Surprise

One of the big surprises of the meeting was the downfall of Finglas in the Gold Cup. Plenty of excuses were made for him after the race, and I believe that his jockey held the opinion that the result would have been different had he not been hampered by riding instructions. Anyway, we have to give Carslake the credit for having ridden a particularly fine race on Invershin, just as he did on Foxlaw twelve months before. This week one of the most important of the North Country meetings is to be held at Gosforth Park. Its big race, the Northumberland Plate, on Wednesday, may be won by **Burwarton**, who seems to be a very good stayer.

AN OUTSIDER'S VICTORY *Central News*

Mr. Reid Walker's Invershin (B. Carslake up), winning the Gold Cup after starting at the nice price of 100–8. Finglas, the favourite, finished second, a length behind the winner

A CAMERA TREBLE

FROM ROYAL ASCOT

Sport and General

A CLOSE FINISH

Toboggan, ridden by Weston, winning the Coronation Stakes for Lord Derby. Romany Queen, the 10–1 outsider, was half a length behind, His Majesty's Scuttle finishing a good third

Central News

PRIORY PARK WINS

The finish of the race for the Royal Hunt Cup, which was won by Mr. J. B. Joel's Priory Park from St. Jerome and Knight of the Grail. Priory Park, which was Carbine's special selection, started at 15 to 2 against

HONOURING THE HEROES OF THE FLIGHT ROUND AFRICA *Swaine*

The accompanying photographs were taken at the dinner at the Savoy Hotel to Sir Alan and Lady Cobham and the members of the flight of survey round Africa. It was given by Sir Charles Wakefield, who financed the entire enterprise

Among the great number of notable people who attended the dinner were : Sir Ernest Benn, Lord Blanesburgh, Air Vice-Marshal Sir W. Sefton Brancker, Colonel A. C. Bromhead, Mr. F. Hedges Butler, Capt. Malcolm Campbell, Air Commodore J. A. Chamier, Mr. C. Grahame-White, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Brig.-General P. R. C. Groves, Lady Heath, Air Vice-Marshal Sir J. W. Higgins, Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare, Mr. E. M. C. Instone, Mr. Basil Johnson, Capt. Garro Jones, M.P., Admiral Mark Kerr, Major Sir Humphrey Leggett, Air Commander A. M. Longmore, the Rt. Hon. C. A. McCurdy, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Capt. Sir Pyers Mostyn, Sir Francis Newton, Mr. F. Handley Page, Mr. A. V. Roe, Colonel the Master of Sempill, Mr. Oswald Short, Vicomte J. de Sibour, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, Sir Josiah Stamp, Rear-Admiral Murray Sueter, Lieut.-Colonel N. G Thwaites, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, General Sir R. Wingate, Colonel Evelyn Wood and Colonel Warwick Wright

I. B.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE (left), LADY COBHAM, SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD, SIR ALAN COBHAM AND LADY MAUD HOARE

VARSITY NOTES

CAMBRIDGE

No matter what Oxford may be doing, Cambridge is now positively empty. No longer do those venerable courts re-echo the trill of youthful voices. No longer comes the sound of bat and ball from the playing fields, nor the grave voices of the professors from the shade of the cloister. Cambridge is empty, and no sound stirs save the bedmaker's bucket and mop. She is tidying up the college for the Summer School of the Young Dressmakers' League, or maybe the Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Undertakers. Or possibly it is the International League of Creative Youth (European Section).

Anyway, we, the normal inhabitants, have gone. Some of us, poor innocent things, for our vacation, full of new hopes and aspirations for the coming year. But some of us have doffed our academical dress, overtipped the porters, gulped a stiff whiskey-and-soda, and made the Final Exeat. We are facing the Big World, where unearned allowances cease and academical dress is not worn. Now we have been facing it nearly a week. I, at least, have decided that I prefer Cambridge.

Oh to hear once again the matutinal note of the bedmaker, "Eleven o'clock, sir, and you said you was to get up at height!" Oh for another evening in the Leo, with the kindly Proctor waiting outside to control our childish pranks! Oh for another day to waste entirely and completely on the Upper River (very sentimental pangs)! I at least prefer Cambridge.

And this, I suppose, is the last time I shall inscribe one of these valuable accounts of Cambridge life and thought—the last time I shall give to the world the thoughtful expositions of the work of one of our great Universities which have made Wednesday a red letter day for nearly two years. Next term another will be in my chair, a nice boy, no doubt, and he will try hard. But I, alas! shall be gone. Somewhere, perhaps, in a garret in Fleet Street you will find me. I shall wear a bowler hat and possibly what I believe is called a "butterfly" collar. No doubt I shall be "Auntie Minnie" of *Judy's Journal*.

RAB.

By Mac

AN ENGLAND BATSMAN

D. R. Jardine, the famous Surrey cricketer, who captained the Rest against England in the Trial game, and was subsequently selected for England. He is one of the most consistent amateur bats in the country

OXFORD

Last week, you will remember, we discussed the Black Death. And I'm afraid there is no subject for this week which can compare with it in intrinsic interest. Some of the Final Schools are, of course, still on. Law and Languages and English Literature and Modern Greats still claim their victims. History slew its thousands, but these subjects slay their ten thousands. However, by the time you read this the last question will have been answered and the last full stop put to the last sentence, though not necessarily at its end. And Oxford will be in training for its Commem. Week.

Meanwhile the O.U.D.S. has done you the favour of presenting "The Clouds." My knowledge of Greek would run Shakespeare's fairly close. But my knowledge of the art of production would easily surpass his now that I have seen Cyril Bailey at work. Cyril Bailey is what they call a name to conjure with. Most of his life he conjures in Balliol. But once in every four years the O.U.D.S. does a Greek play, and so out he has to come into the world of grease-paints and powder. How well he acquits himself there you probably saw last week.

The Union is winding up its term with a debate on the decline of duelling, and Aubrey Herbert has got hold of the two Merton duellists —Maurice Green and Graham Eyres Monsell—to give us their views. But it is doubtful whether much in the way of an audience can be hoped for during the last week of term. This said last week is usually devoted to the payment of bills by those who here shall meet no more. At least so the debtors tell me. At any rate, the week is devoted to interviews with the managers of shops. And I've always been taught to think that's just as good.

Next week I shall be able to tell you of the wind-up of our cricket and tennis season. The bathing season has survived some recent squalls, and one still meets a certain number of hardy men on their way to Parson's Pleasure. I am sure Cambridge has no name for a bathing pool which can rival the seductiveness of that. It quite cuts out the "Lorelei."

JINGO.

ARISTOPHANES AT OXFORD *Hill and Saunders*

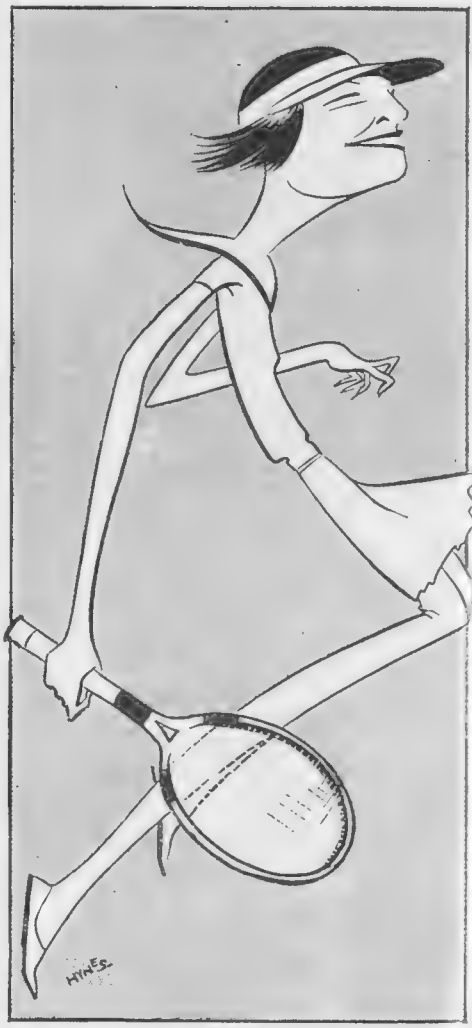
A scene from "The Clouds," the play by Aristophanes which has recently been produced at Oxford by the O.U.D.S.

Who's Who at

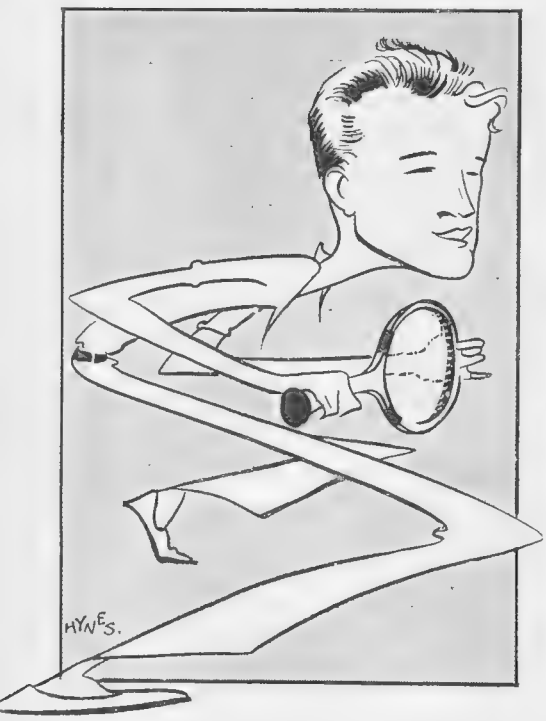
CARICATURES BY HYNES

MISS HELEN WILLS (U.S.A.) has stepped into the shoes of Mlle. Lenglen as the foremost woman player in the world, and she fills them adequately. Indeed, when they met for the first and only time at Cannes "Suzanne" might have been dethroned if the match had run to a third set. Miss Wills cannot play the subtle "chess-board" game to the perfection with which "Suzanne" played it; she relies more on the strength of her good right arm and the death-dealing blows which come so smoothly off her racket from any position in the court

E. HIGGS. England has no man in the World's First Ten; but among those who are only just outside the pale Higgs is in the forefront. Indeed, there are some within it whom he might conceivably beat on his day. With his aid England has done better in the Davis Cup than she has for several years past. One of the few Englishmen who possess a really powerful service, he relies mainly on this and on his strong base-line game to pull him through, for he is not a finished volleyer. What a pity, with that service!



MISS EILEEN BENNETT. Earmarked since her junior days for high honours by reason of the perfection of her style, Miss Bennett has had a distinguished career. Her propensity to lose to players of a lower grade seems now to have been definitely overcome and, having benefited not a little by the coaching of Henri Cochet, with whom she holds the Mixed Championship of America, she now occupies a more or less assured position at the top of the English tree



H. COCHET (France). The Reigning Champion. Will he be deposed? One of Wimbledon's most crucial questions. He was lucky to win the Championship last year, but luck favours the brave, and Cochet's faith in his ability to make every kind of shot from ever position in the court is only conditioned by a tendency to laziness which, in the case of some great men, is the adjunct of supreme confidence. But he can always rise to a great occasion, and on current form is the best of France's "big four"

MISS E. BOYD. A member of the team of Australian women who toured in Europe and played against America in 1925, Miss Boyd made her first appearance in England in that year when England narrowly defeated Australia at Roehampton. She afterwards played at Wimbledon, where she survived to the fourth round (beaten by Mrs. Godfree), and went on to win the Irish Championship in Dublin. At that time Miss Akhurst, who is also again with us, was Champion of Australia; but Miss Boyd became Champion last year

We are continually being reminded that England stands no longer where she did in Lawn Tennis. That may be so. But England's Wimbledon, at any rate, stands, still in the metaphorical sense, where it did, more firmly than ever buttressed on all sides by the support of distinguished players from

Wimbledon

DESCRIPTIVE TITLES BY H. S. SCRIVENER

J. C. GREGORY. Like Higgs he has been a mainstay of England in the Davis Cup, and may possibly earn inclusion in the World's First Ten one of these days. A Yorkshireman, and one of the best his county has ever turned out, he is thorough in all he does. His courage enables him to hit hard, and if there is not much finesse about his game, he sticks to it with the tenacity of a bull-dog and is not "fussed"—as so many players are—by ill-luck, bad conditions, or indifferent umpiring

FRL. C. AUSSEM. First string for Germany, Frl. Aussem has advanced rapidly to the front while still under twenty years of age. The absolutely correct style which means so much in the making of champions is hers and, although liable like most young players to lose a match now and again which she ought to win, she is very formidable indeed when in full swing. Few players possess greater hitting power or greater quickness of foot, and the mere fact that she has beaten (amongst others) Senorita de Alvarez speaks for itself

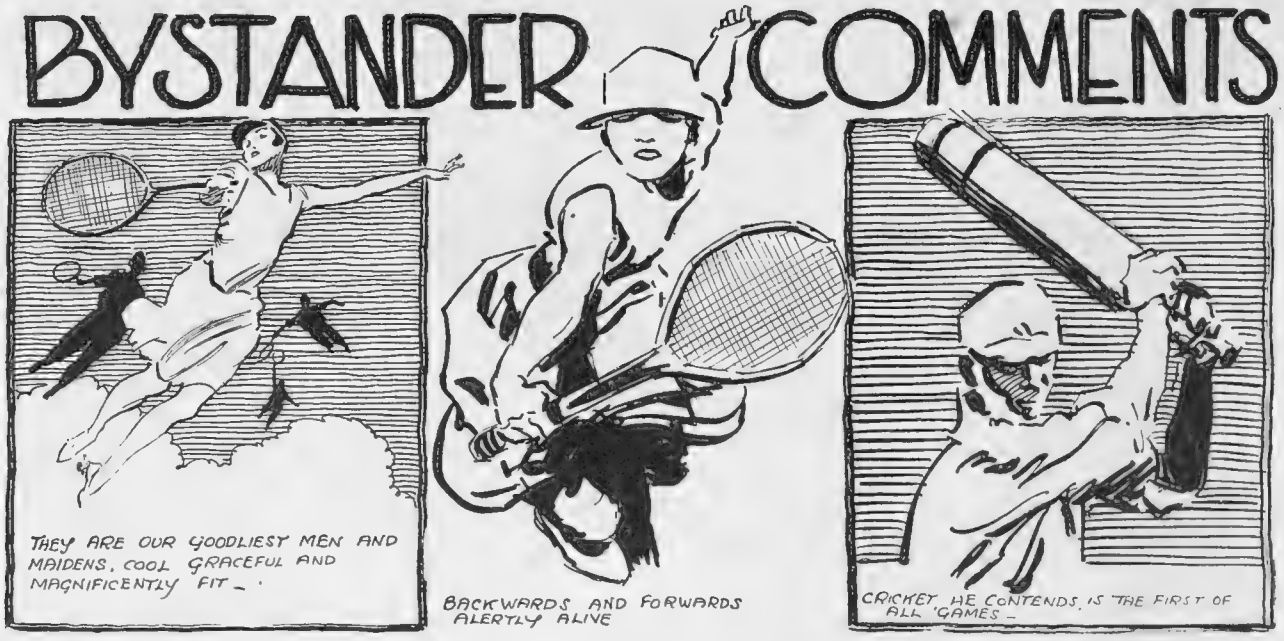
W. T. TILDEN (U.S.A.). The Achilles of lawn tennis, because the epithet "inexorable" fits him as exactly as it fitted Achilles. His natural gifts as a player are enhanced by great powers, both physical and mental, and until (shall we say?) last year he stood out as the great man of the game since the War. He may possibly have by now passed his zenith, but, however that may be, it is a moot point whether his zenith has ever been surpassed by the zenith of anyone else. He is certainly the most terrific server the game has ever known

G. L. PATTERSON (Australia) shares with Tilden and Borotra the honour of having been twice Champion since the War. When he took Wimbledon by storm in 1919 he was the finest exponent of "shock tactics" we had ever seen, and when Patterson is on court you may be sure that the rallies will never be long; he is always out to get in his knock-out blow as soon as he can—or even sooner! The man who gives him an easy one can only pray that he will miss it, and he is apt to turn a difficult one into a more difficult one still

MRS. M. WATSON would always on her present form be second, or even possibly first, choice for England in an International. She and Miss Bennett are the top two of our players "nominated" for Wimbledon. Although not the equal of Miss Bennett as an all-round player, she is the most powerful base-line hitter we have. She protects her comparatively vulnerable back-hand side with great cleverness, and on the days when her big drives are functioning well she is virtually unvolleyable

all parts of the world. If another motto had to be graven over the entrance to Wimbledon's centre court it might well be: "This is the end of every man's desire!" Here are caricatures of just a few (necessarily) of them, together with some impressions of four of England's best

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

London Comes to Court

All London, if not quite all the world, comes to Court this week. Which Court? Why, to the Centre Court, of course, in celebration of the Feast of St. Racquet. Little is known of the good St. Racquet, except that he was a worthy man of boundless vitality and glorious vigour. If he preached at all—I fancy he was not much of a preacher—he preached the twin virtues of good sportsmanship and physical fitness. In short, he was a man of good heart and fine muscles whom young Englishmen and Englishwomen might do well to worship.

A Happy Band

If one thing is certain, it is that his happy band of worshippers grows in numbers and keenness every year. Not so long ago—please don't correct me if I'm wrong—tennis was regarded as the sport of pale young curates, a decorous alternative to croquet on the vicarage lawn or the telling of fortunes by tea-leaves in the vicarage drawing-room. Now the knights and ladies of the racquet are numbered in their thousands. They are our goodliest men and maidens, cool, graceful and magnificently fit.

Wimbling

Good men and maidens, let me watch you wimble,
Backwards and forwards, alert and alive;
Cut stroke and back stroke and lightning service,
Net smash, cunning lob and forehand drive.
Gallant and daring, cool and resourceful,
Graceful in movement, keen for pure sport,
Good luck attend you, whene'er you may wimble,
Knights of the Racquet, Ladies of the Court.

The Third Best

My backwoodsman, with characteristic downrightness, holds that lawn tennis is only the third best game in the world, which seems unkind to the world's wimblers. Cricket, he contends, is the first of all games. He is prepared to beat you with a bat from St. John's Wood Road to Kennington gasworks if you deny it. Rugger is the second, "which the same he is free to maintain" by kicking you from Twickenham to Blackheath. And as he played for the Gentlemen in his day, and was, during his earlier winters, a mighty hooker, I pray you do not rouse him to argument. Tennis he grants a good third place, and you will not budge his opinion.

By Permission of Einstein

The fact is that, in his scorn for all modernity, he has never heard of the theory of relativity. Of course, cricket is the world's best game. I am prepared to be as fierce about it as he is. So with Rugger. Next September I shall be on his side. But this week, surely, the wimbling game is *the* game. The game you are playing at the moment is the best game. English keenness would not have it otherwise.

Options on Ugliness

Young Beverley Nichols has been fluttering dovecotes by being devastatingly rude about some of our South Coast resorts. Brighton, he says, is as vulgar as anything American. Bournemouth is provincial, and Bognor is the most agonisingly ugly creation known to mankind. It is the habit of young Mr. Nichols and his generation to try to *épater les bourgeois*, but the *bourgeois* show a distressing tendency not to be particularly *épatés*. Which is very unkind of them.

Patriotism Aroused

Who is going to be indignant? The benighted inhabitants of Brighton, Bournemouth and

(Continued on page 640)

Four June Weddings of Note

British Illus.

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

Mr. Cyril Dance, the second son of Sir George and Lady Dance, photographed after his marriage to Miss Charlotte Strutt. The wedding took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Topical

A WEDDING AT PORTSMOUTH

Surg.-Lieut. P. J. A. O'Rourke, R.N., The O'Rourke, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Vivienne Aylen, after their wedding at Portsmouth Cathedral

AN AIRMAN'S WEDDING *F. A. Swaine*

Squadron-leader J. B. Cole-Hamilton and his bride, formerly Miss Hilda Fox, after their wedding at Bradford-on-Tone, Taunton. Mrs. Cole-Hamilton is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Fox, of Rumwell Hall, Taunton

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Topical*

The Rev. Maurice M. Martin, of Chelmsford Cathedral, and his bride, Miss Hilda Wadley, leaving the Parish Church of Great Bentley, Essex, after their wedding. Canon Lake of Chelmsford Cathedral, officiated

(Continued from page 638)

Bognor? I doubt it. I expect they will walk along their respective fronts without a convulsive shudder. The remarks—who knows?—may arouse a fervent passion of local patriotism. People, for all I know, may come up from Burslem or Widnes or Heckmondwike or Gateshead-on-Tyne and demand, beating their breasts with indignation, why, in boasting about ugliness, their especial claims had been neglected.

No Monopoly

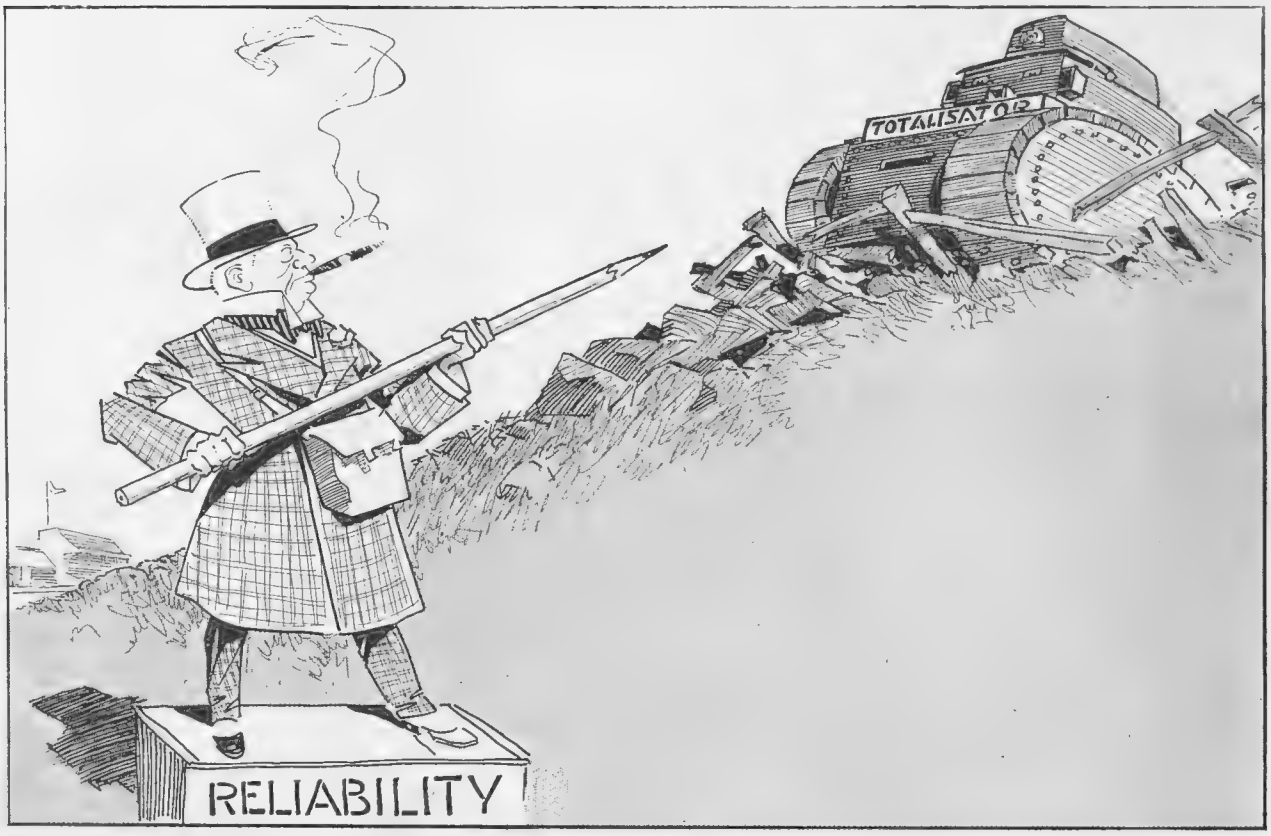
I DO not think that any town has a monopoly of ugliness. Near my own beautiful village in my own beautiful county I will guarantee to show Mr. Nichols a building—it has a gold dome—that would reduce him to an agonised swoon. But I never swoon myself. My theory is that the swooning type of person dwells too much on the things that make him swoon. England is so full of brave and beautiful things that non-swooners, like you and me, have no time to go about looking for the others.

Emperor Constantine

THE grey-bearded diehards of the cricket pavilions who annually rend their garments and cast dust upon their heads over the lifelessness of modern cricket have been temporarily silenced (if such people can be silenced) by the dashing exploits of the merry-hearted West Indian cricketer, L. N. Constantine. People who, groaning over long hours of pitch-patting and bad play, once murmured: "But did you ever see Jessop?" may now murmur ecstatically: "Did you see Constantine?" Without subscribing to the diehard's gloomy views, let us praise glorious hitting wherever it comes from. If Constantine can revive the practice of going for the bowling neck and crop he may be deservedly known as Constantine the Great.

Friendship Across the Water

THE lot of the weekly journalist is a hard one. He of all people finds it most difficult to keep abreast with modern progress. He writes to congratulate some talented young lady on (say) having swum the Channel. By the time his modest paragraph appears in print she may have flown the Pacific or driven a car single-handed across Africa. So, while your Bystander sincerely congratulates Miss Earhart upon having been the first woman passenger to fly the Atlantic in her aptly-named monoplane "Friendship," he does it, so to speak, without prejudice. By now other young women may have achieved the same flight. As for Miss Earhart herself, she may have done even doughtier deeds in the meantime. As Dorothy Dickson once sang so charmingly: "You can't keep a good girl down!"



By David Wilson

THE "OLD FIRM" STANDS FAST

AITHRA (MARIA RAJDL), THE EGYPTIAN SORCERESS

"Fair Helen" in a New Setting

Dresden has recently been the scene of a notable event in the World of Music, namely, the first production of "The Egyptian Helen," the music written by Dr. Richard Strauss to the book of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. The opera is played in two acts, the scene of the first act being laid in the golden palace of the sorceress Aithra, and the second in a tent at the foot of the Atlas Mountains. The Dresden performance was an outstanding success, in spite of the heroine of Grecian legend being suddenly connected with Egypt

HELEN (ELISABETH RETHBERG) WITH HER LOVER, MENELAUS (CURT TAUCHER)

Photographs *Ursula Richter*

AITHRA GIVES HELEN THE MAGIC LOVE PHILTRE

The best you can buy at the price you pay!

Equal in *every* way to pure silk

WHEN buying hosiery, be sure you ask to see the WOLSEY-Lustral range. These delightful stockings are now made under the famous Wolsey Trade Mark—your guarantee of value. They are obtainable in all the latest shades—including the new Skin shade. They are unequalled for beauty and durability.

Ask to see

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C.F.H.35

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced June 4, 1928

By "JINGLE"

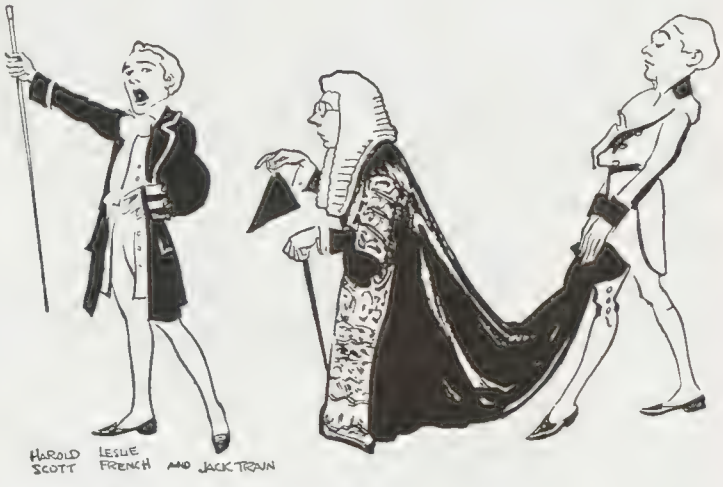
Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

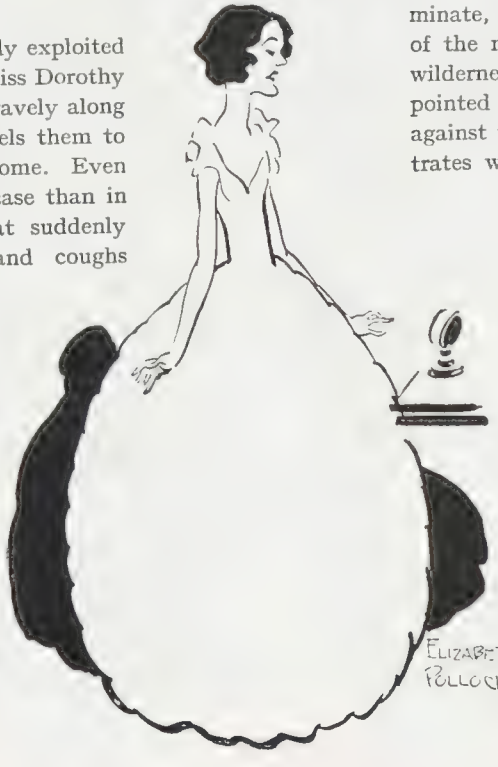
IT seems to me that good people who have of late been compelled to shrink guiltily under the crushing imputation of being mid-Victorian can now hold up their heads again and indulge in the luxury of a little back-chat. There is a marked tendency among play-producers of the hour to discern poetry and romance in mid-Victorianism, and this charming Revue is merely toeing the line with the best of the moderns. An early item on the programme here deals with the "Sporting Past," a leading feature of which is the justly famous Bicycle Built for Two. And though the contraption in question is held up to gentle ridicule, it was no doubt the arboreal ancestor, so to speak, of the two-seater of to-day.

THE bicycle in question is nobly exploited by Mr. Morris Harvey and Miss Dorothy Robinson, who pedal their way bravely along till the inevitable puncture compels them to alight and push their way back home. Even then pushing was easier in this case than in the case of the usual Ford that suddenly develops internal convulsions and coughs itself to a standstill miles and miles from anywhere. After the bicycle we have a brief vision of Henley in the Eighties, with a programme of popular songs of the day chosen no doubt for their enduring vitality. It would appear from these scenes that mid-Victorians could be quite humorous when they chose, even if they were occasionally unconscious of their talent in this respect.

THEN there is a playful scene entitled "When Our Grannies were Sweet Twenty-One." As Artemus Ward would have said: N.B. This is a joke. The fact is that the smart young ladies represented are just modern girls of the cigarette and cocktail kind, who are not likely to be anybody's grandmothers if they can help it, though, of course, you never know, do you? The writer of this scene has apparently been looking back from a date forty or fifty years ahead, by which time, by the look of things, grandmothers will be out of fashion.

THAT brings us to the amusing song very ably dealt with by Mr. Morris Harvey, entitled "Hurrah for the Modern Girl." In this scene Mr. Harvey is an amiable Bishop whose laudable function it is to preach against the extravagances of modernity. And whenever his Grace is hard up for a theme on which to fulminate, the shortcomings and short skirts of the modern girl come as manna in the wilderness. As one of our philosophers has pointed out, if it were not for offenders against the moral code, parsons and magistrates would have to retire on a pension, and the police would go pussy-footing in the Parks in vain.





A VERY bright star in this Revue is Miss Elizabeth Pollock. She first arrives in answer to the urgent call for a Chorus, and appears accordingly in the severely correct costume of the Greek Chorus of the days of Aristophanes, or some other of the older dramatists whose copyrights have now expired. Her most remarkable performance, however, is her imitations of some of our popular actresses who, on the somewhat rash assumption that they are paragons of loveliness, desire to

broadcast the secret of their charms. Miss Pollock sits at a table without extra make-up and relies merely upon facial expression and a change of voice to convey quite perfect pictures of the different ladies concerned. One or two of the imitations are a little severe, but that is the penalty of fame. We all know that until a rising politician has been cruelly caricatured in the comic Press, he is not considered good enough for Cabinet rank.

S

An amusing scene, not without its pointed moral, is entitled "Great Sons and Daughters of To-day." It shows us some of the bright young people who have managed to capture the spotlight because they have had celebrated fathers. They do not appear to have any other qualification for their haloes in the opinion of the authors of this Revue, nor do they necessarily inherit the paternal talents. It was an American editor who admitted that he was not sure that genius is hereditary, though he could not help noticing that his children were surprisingly clever.

S

Miss Mimi Crawford is the star of the piece, and she sings and dances most attractively. In one of her turns she is supposed to be a flirt reviewing her past conquests before going to sleep; but a different and rather more daring scene is entitled "In the Looking Glass." Here Miss Crawford appears as a lively young girl in front of her mirror before going out to meet her Boy. As she finishes her toilet she rehearses the impending proceedings as her very romantic imagination anticipates them. She will protest angrily to the Boy that he must not fondle her so, and she will be desperately annoyed with him for not having warned her that they were to sup in a private room, with its implication of generous latitude. And while her righteous wrath is at its imaginative height the clock strikes a warning note, and she hurries off for fear she should keep the Boy waiting. The monologue is most ably presented, but in my Pecksniffian moments I cannot help hoping that it is quite untrue to life.

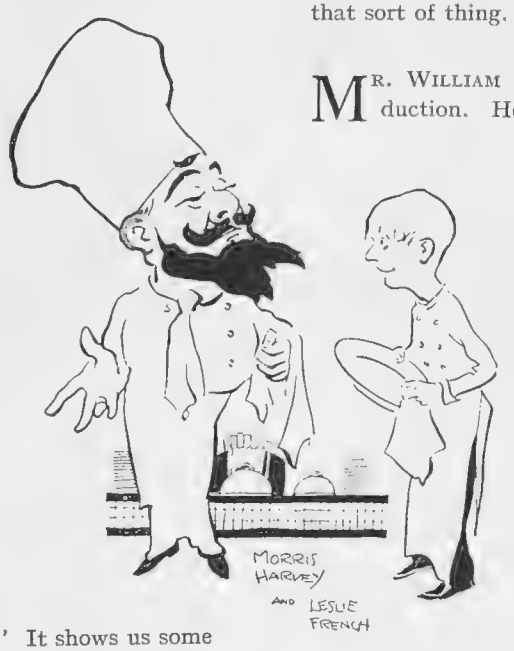
S

"New Masters" is a delightful parody, by means of the *tableau vivant* of some unaccountably prominent pictures of the Royal Academy. The *tableaux* are accompanied by descriptive songs chanted to a doleful tune something like that of the celebrated "Three Blind Mice," and are distinctly amusing. I think the idea is that some of our more distinguished painters are more anxious to be talked about than to paint merely pictures of merit. After all, this is the day of the advertiser in most of the arts and crafts, and American advertising experts have just agreed that the British can lick creation at that sort of thing.

S

Mr. William Stephens is the Singer of the production. He has a genial presence and gives the idea that he really ought not to be able to sing as well as he does. Perhaps it is that his excellence is the more impressive because it is so unexpected. He has a remarkably fine voice which he seems to treat more as a joke than anything, as if it grew on him when he wasn't looking. Max Rivers is the Dancer, and rather wonderful at that; and the Three New Yorkers and their piano help materially in rounding off what is really a most satisfying entertainment.

Jingle.



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The "Spell" of Old Cambridge

BY JACK GORDGE

AMERICAN (*to Undergraduate Son*): "It'll be great telling all the folk 'way back home about your college, but just put me wise about this. Why d'you spell it 'C.a.i.u.s' and pronounce it 'Maudlin'?"

"A pretty woman is the world's chief adornment."

MISS HELEN GILLILAND

tells how every woman can develop her beauty

A Daly Star.

For some time the public have been awaiting an addition to the line of Daly and Gaiety musical comedy stars—that dynasty of charm which includes some of the most famous names on the English stage. Now Miss Helen Gilliland has been hailed—and with reason—as the next in the line. As leading lady at Daly's in "Lady Mary," she has reached a fitting triumph in a career which has been watched with interest by discerning critics.

Pretty and fascinating.

Miss Gilliland is no exception to the rule that charm on the stage is simply the public expression of natural charm. It cannot be simulated. Miss Gilliland is exactly as pretty and fascinating when she walks into a room as when she walks on to the stage at Daly's She needs no make-up. Her complexion is of that exquisite delicacy which is desired by every woman and which is perhaps one of the greatest gifts that Nature can give to a woman. Fortunately she realises its value and takes the right steps to look after it.

The modern Girl.

"I think everyone will agree," remarked Miss Gilliland, "that the outstanding characteristic of the present rising generation is 'naturalness.' It may not be more desirable on that account—I cannot say. Some of our elders seem to think it far from desirable. But the fact remains that the modern girl is essentially natural—as opposed to the artificiality of her predecessors. She has abandoned conventional rules of conduct in favour of freedom. She has abandoned an indoor 'finickyness' in favour of outdoor exercise. Instead of being made unhealthy by lack of fresh air and exercise, and consequently having to conceal skin blemishes, she makes herself healthy and avoids blemishes. She has learned to care for her skin with scientific effectiveness."

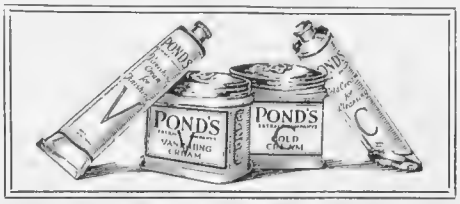
What more natural than Pond's?

"What more natural than the use of Ponds? These two creams fulfil in the simplest way two of the first requirements of feminine delicacy—cleanliness and protection. Pond's Cold Cream removes dust and impurities from the pores. It cleanses them thoroughly—it does more. It soothes the skin, leaving it soft and supple. It is practically impossible to keep the skin free from lines and wrinkles unless it is kept supple."

[Sasha

Helen Gilliland

"Among the many kinds of vanishing creams now offered to the public I find none quite so delightfully fragrant, so delicious to use, as Pond's Vanishing Cream—which was, I believe, the first of its kind. To every woman I would say: 'Remember, your face is your fortune.' You would not like your menfolk to risk their fortunes in speculations they know nothing about—why risk your fortune by using toilet preparations that you know nothing about except what other women (who know less than you do) have said. No woman was ever given that so much-desired epithet 'pretty' who did not have a lovely skin. Reflect on this fact and follow the Pond's method in the daily care of your skin at home. It will keep your skin so lovely that you will have no need to resort to cosmetics."



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS, USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

The witchery of lovely hands.

"A word in conclusion. No detail in a woman's toilet should receive more attention than her hands. The witchery of lovely hands, of hands that charm the eye, owes much to a continual use of Pond's Two Creams. I can assure you that this is the method smart Society women follow. Pond's Two Creams leave the hands white, soft, and smooth.

Pond's Two Creams.

Several times a day (whenever opportunity offers) cover your face, neck, and hands with a soothing, cooling layer of Pond's Cold Cream. After a few moments remove the cream with a soft cloth. Now (as a final touch of loveliness) finish off with Pond's Vanishing Cream—except the last thing at night, when a little of the Cold Cream should be left on all night if the skin is inclined to be dry.

Special Sample Offer.

Fill up this coupon and post it together with 2d. in stamps. We will send you by return sufficient of Pond's Two Creams to prove their beneficial effect. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream in handsome opal jars 1/3 and 2/6, and in tubes, 6d. (for handbag) and 1/-; Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars 5/-, and in extra large tubes 2/6.

COUPON

Generous Trial Samples.

To Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 737)
103, St. John St., London, E.C.1.

I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your TRIAL TUBES of *POND'S COLD CREAM* and *POND'S VANISHING CREAM.*

Name .....

Address .....

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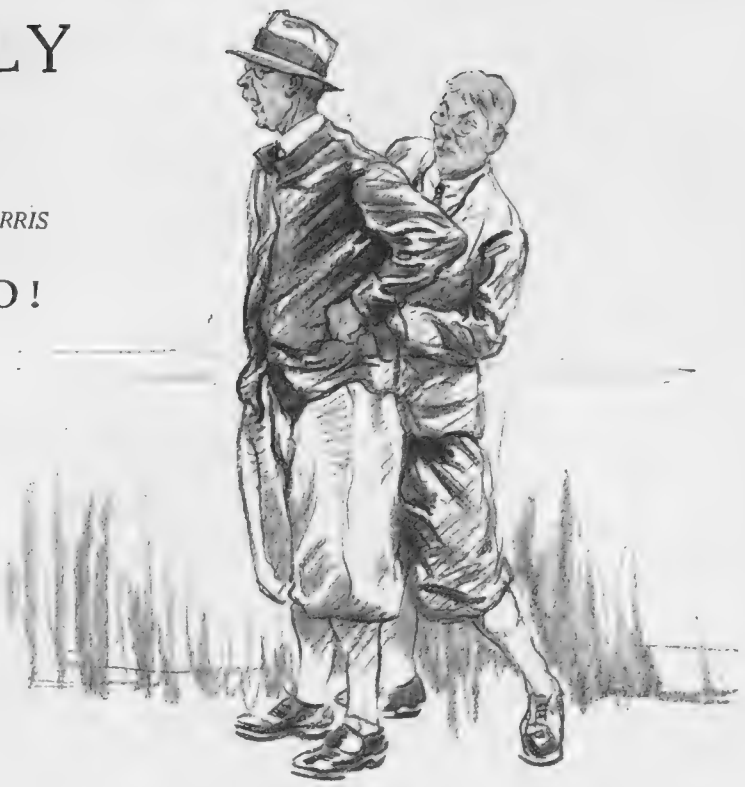
SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS*

No. VI—WESTWARD HO!



One's reception at a Golf Club is not always of the best

EVERYTHING about the links at Westward Ho! is big, including the wind. It was easterly when we were there, and omnipotent. But it was blowing then from the east over a hundred coastal courses, and the game of golf, like any other outdoor game, cannot be avoided because of the hazard of the weather. But let no player of faint heart come to this famous place; let him rather stay upon his sheltered park course, running it up with a putter from afar off, and going home comfortably to dinner in the Tube, snugly ensconced between the sheets of the "6.30 Edition," which appears (rather cleverly I always think) at 4 p.m.

This course is a great experience: a necessary part of an ardent golfer's education, and, as such, it should be played on earnestly and humbly, and not trifled with, for that way deep subsequent depression lies.

Wandering about the golfing world I had been continually asked by weather-beaten men, "But Westward Ho! What do you think of *that*?" And when you have to admit diffidently that one of the great championship courses of the world is unknown to you then do you feel mediocrity creeping over you . . . Edward and I had felt this once too often. So we took a Southern train which goes westward, cheering ourselves up at intervals with, "Well, as long as we keep quiet and *admit* we can't play the damn game and replace *all* divots very carefully and let everyone through and call the steward 'Sir,' we shall be all right. . . ."

For the Royal North Devon Golf Club has the reputation of being a grim fastness (like Prestwick, where you put your son's name down for membership immediately after his christening, and he is lucky if he gets in when he is 30) wherein the stranger is not overwhelmed with welcome, and where everyone plays down to somewhere near scratch. The former is an hallucination and must be dispelled at once, the latter is a slight exaggeration. When I, horribly frightened, entered the lounge hall here and looked about hesitatingly, as strangers in clubhouses are apt to do, two members rose, saying, "Can we do anything for you?" And we were invited into a four-ball foursome at lunch; and distinguished gentlemen talked to us amiably on tees. No. Cheery-ho! at Westward Ho! would seem to be the truth of matters, though I can well imagine the mental east wind that would whistle about the ears of the thruster here—and quite right too, for this is a regal place of high golfing tradition, brilliant history, and fearful and wonderful scores.

You get your first impressive view of what is coming to you next morning when, on arrival, you gaze expectantly through the big hotel windows towards those wide open spaces where the great golf lies, and you hear the deep boom of that sinister sea, and the higher note of the wind as it sings a way round the corners of the building. If your handicap is 24 you may wish you had not embarked upon so hardy an adventure; if it is a low-figure diploma that you play under you will feel that now, indeed, the hour for doughty deeds is at hand, and you will be immensely glad of it, because, after all, this is one of the homes of English golf, and it is going to do you much good (although you may not know it) whatever happens to you.

An ex-policeman, full of authority and tact, is in charge of the time-sheet on the first tee, and he "gets you away." Frankly, I breathed a sigh of relief when I got away—roughly—inasmuch as having set your hand to the Westward Ho! plough there is no turning back. But you have heard of all sorts of difficulties and you see none. They are on the horizon did you but know, and coming irrevocably towards you. Meanwhile you are engaged upon an immense flat plain of supreme turf the like of which and the sitting-up-and-yelling-for-it lies of which you have never experienced before. This was, of course, once the bed of the ocean: soft, mildly undulating, with a wee bunch of rushes here and there—the ocean bed, turfed, drained by Nature, delicious. Thinking thus and performing passably well you look for the green. The greens and the fairways seem to blend the one into the other. Indeed, a man here once complained during a big professional tournament—thereby paying the course a tremendous compliment—that he couldn't see as he played his approach shot where the green began and ended!

And all is very nice and friendly and simple, and you don't find the east wind bothering you overmuch, until you arrive on the fourth tee. Here you are confronted by what some people describe as the biggest

bunker in the world—I know one bigger elsewhere, but he hides himself and is the more accursed for that reason—and a tangle of sandhills and THE RUSHES! Westward Ho! without its rushes would be like a theatre foyer without a bar. As a golfing hazard they are perfectly legitimate, admirably placed—growing, as they do, wherever my ball comes to rest—and impervious to assault by battering with the world's weightiest niblick. Properly to appreciate these adjectival and insistent rushes you need to play the 10th, 11th and 12th holes three times running, going back to the place whence you came, there to be trapped until you become insane and your terrified caddie bolts for the distant clubhouse. But no man, be he a V.C. or even an O.B.E., has ever been found sufficiently dauntless to do this; he gets away from the environment of those three holes as soon as ever possible.

In this he is assisted by the ex-policeman. Tribulation starts at the 10th—a dog-leg. The drive is a perfectly simple carry over the top end of the great thicket of four-foot-high rushes. But they lie close up to the tee—waiting. The temperamental man says "Good God! I don't like the look of this," and in he goes! You follow him in the treasure hunt, murmuring "I suppose we had better let those fellers through?" And he grumbles "what was the *line*, caddie?" And the usual tense silence falls upon the assembled company. Meanwhile rush blades prick you sharply and malevolently in the legs, as if to say "get *out* of this!" Whereupon the ex-policeman appears from nowhere in particular, plus a dog, which, at a wave of the hand and a "seek it, boy," nuzzles instantly to the spot where you have been searching fruitlessly — and the agony is overpast and you rejoice and smile once more.

When one becomes more or less insane

But not for long. They are with you most persistently at the next hole, and the next. A hooked shot —for by this time you have got your tail well down— and away she goes into the sticky depths of them again. Hereabouts you can experience the maddening sight of a stampede of boys towards the rushes the moment the ball leaves your club. These boys, pickers-up of unconsidered trifles in the shape of pennies, and your ball, have an uncanny knowledge of the exact bunch of rushes in the impregnable stockade of which the infernal thing is imbedded; I have seldom distributed largesse with a grimmer countenance.

However, the rush nightmare over, you go on to more peaceful matters—your card is ruined, but no matter, you are keeping some sort of an end up, and the last six holes are as gorgeous as the first nine. Here it was that the putting psychology was brought home to me very forcibly. Edward had begged me some years ago to get him a Gleneagles putter from Gordon Lockhart when I was next up there; and I did. Subsequently a year later, having used the Gleneagles implement consistently and to good purpose meanwhile, he saw me beating him on the greens at Rye with a "Benny" putter from North Berwick, that I was using then. So he must needs have one of those also. The Westward Ho! weather had now matured into a balmy, cloudless spring afternoon with no wind, and with the greens very nearly the consistency of a billiard table. Ensues the following conversation: "T'ck: that gives you two for it; *damn* this putter; it isn't a putter at all, of course—it's a No. 3 iron; I always said so; perfectly useless."

"Well, use the other one, ol' man."

"Can't, the shaft's all gone to blazes—your hole."

We examine the shaft with meticulous care. Then he takes it to the dear old Scots clubmaker here who also squints along it, and, being an honest man, says: "Bunkum, sir; I *can* bring it up a shade, but why worry?" . . .

The following week, in Cornwall, Edward was putting like a fiend, and I was 4 down on account of it.

"Which of those putters are you using for heaven's sake?"

"Eh? oh—er—which one was it, boy? I r e a l l y didn't notice . . ."

You will say—"Yes, but you have not described Westward Ho!" Purposely have I refrained from the task of depicting its high technique. Simply because the outstanding impression left upon my mind when, regretfully, we went away was not so much of the difficulties haltingly overcome, of the long brassie-slashing seconds that were continually required of us: of the photographs in the clubhouse of bland amateur champions who had survived tremendous ordeals here, or even of the disciplinary visitors' dressing room which switched me back mentally and vividly to a similar place in my house at school—but paramountly I was left with a feeling of having achieved distinction in my humble golfing career by participation, if only momentarily, in its quite indefinable atmosphere of "greatness." Most errant golfers, I imagine, must feel this. If my meaning is obscure to you, go and play there; you will then see what I mean. D. L.

WIMBLEDON

The next issue of "The Bystander" will contain a Special article on the week's play by H. S. SCRIVENER. *Fully illustrated*

BY LINDSAY CABLE

A BIT OUT OF THE COMMON

THE RUSSIAN DANCERS TA

TAKE UP LAWN TENNIS

BY H. H. HARRIS

The car that made the roads of England *British*

—*a tale of achievement*

WHEN the War ended in 1918, the British motor trade had disappeared. Every tool, every machine and every good mechanic had forsaken cars in the call for munitions. The transition back to normal industry was a slow and painful process. Meanwhile foreign car makers, whose output had never stopped, reaped a rich harvest in the British Market: the roads of England in the early post War years had a distinctly foreign flavour. Some said that British Trade would never win back the ground so lost. There was scope for pessimism.

But at a small factory at Cowley, Oxford, things were taking shape. The men who ran it had not then the resources of Detroit; but they had pluck, enthusiasm, British craftsmanship, and, above all, an intense pride in their product.

Slowly at first, but steadily progressing, the factory at Cowley grew—more and more Morris cars were seen daily upon the Roads of England.

To-day the impossible has been achieved. The All-British Morris is a Car that, price for price, performance for performance, challenges comparison anywhere. Good as it has been in the past—it is to-day better than ever. Every year it has been improved. every year economies in production have been passed on to the public until to-day the Morris stands out as the supreme motoring value. You can buy a full-size two-seater for as little as £142 10s., or a four-door Saloon, fully equipped, for £185. *We shall be glad to send you full particulars on request.*

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WIMBLEDON *from* THREE ANGLES

THE REFEREE THE PLAYER THE SPECTATOR

1. The Referee's Point of View

By F. R. Burrow

THE Referee's "view" of Wimbledon, so far as actually seeing any of the play is concerned, may be succinctly summed up as *nil*. Except, possibly, for part of a final, when the burden and heat of his own day is over, he never sees a match in court. Only on the rarest occasions does he have a point of law submitted for his decision. During my ten years' tenure of the office of Referee of the Championships I do not remember more than half a dozen such cases in all.

What, then, is the Referee there for?

His duty is, so far as the weather permits, so to arrange the order of play in the five Championship events—men's singles, ladies' singles, men's doubles, ladies' doubles, and mixed doubles—that all these competitions may be finished in twelve days, without submitting any competitor to undue strain; to arrange, moreover, that all players who are likely to survive to the later stages of the various events shall get at least one match on the "centre court" before meeting, in an important "centre court" match, a player who has already played there. This is almost a necessary provision, since the surface of the centre court, protected against rain, differs materially from that of the "outside" courts; and playing in that space, shut in on all sides by crowded stands, is in itself a very different thing from playing outside.

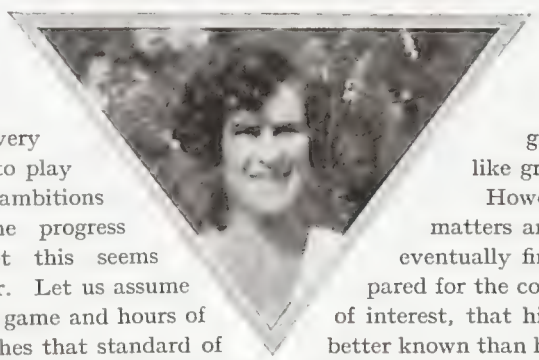
But, in all, only between fifty and sixty matches can be played on the centre court, as against about four hundred outside. A full day's programme consists of about sixty matches during the first week of the Wimbledon fortnight, and it is upon the proper arrangements for the playing of these "preliminary" matches that the possibility of finishing in twelve days depends. The difficulties of the Referee in making up his order of play are enhanced by the system of "seeding the draw," since the probability of all the best players "coming through" all the events in which they enter is thereby increased, because they cannot obligingly knock each other out till late in the meeting. And if all of them do come through in two or three events it is clear that a certain amount of "congestion" must ensue. For Wimbledon is not like an ordinary tournament, where players can, and often do, play three or four important matches in a day. "Only one single a day" has always been the Wimbledon tradition, and it is not likely to be departed from. But if a man should be so fine (or so fortunate) a player as to reach three finals at Wimbledon, he has to play seven singles, six doubles, and six mixed—nineteen matches in all—in twelve days, and unless his programme is very carefully mapped out this cannot be done without overworking him. When bad weather prevents play on even one day, such a man's programme becomes impossible.

It might be thought that dealing with the very large number of foreign and overseas players who come to Wimbledon would be a difficulty. But I have never found it so. Once the foreign player is convinced that he is being treated fairly, and that no favouritism is shown to any player, home or foreign, there is nobody more willing to play where and when he is asked to do so. I am glad to have many friends among the overseas players whom Wimbledon welcomes every year, and I think that they would tell any intending visitor from overseas that they need have no fear of being at a disadvantage by reason of being strangers in the land.

To be the Referee at Wimbledon is an honour as well as a responsibility. When the time comes for me to relinquish that position I wish my successor, whoever he may be, as much pleasure in his work as I have had myself—he could not have more.

2. From a Player's Point of View

By Phyllis Satterthwaite



I SUPPOSE the dream of every beginner at lawn tennis is to play at Wimbledon. Higher ambitions may come later on with the progress of years, but at the outset this seems to be the great goal to strive for. Let us assume that after much devotion to the game and hours of patient practice he (or she) reaches that standard of excellence which means that his entry is accepted for Wimbledon, what then?

To begin with, of course, at the new Wimbledon the place is so huge that to the newcomer it seems very bewildering and rather upsetting at first. How is one ever to produce one's best form upon those amazingly green courts, where the balls seem like greased lightning?

However, like most things in life, matters arrange themselves, and our player eventually finds himself fully dressed and prepared for the courts. Let us suppose, as a matter of interest, that his opponent is someone not much better known than himself. It is depressing to feel that one's court is so far "in the country," but, on the other hand, how nice and calm it is with its trim-cut hedges of yew, and how far away the rest of the tournament seems to be.

We will assume that our newcomer wins his first round, and by the many-sided "luck of the draw"

has come across one of the most prominent of the "stars" in his second. As soon as he realises his fate the possibility of the centre court flashes across him.

You scan the morning papers feverishly for news. Is it there? Yes: Your name has never appeared so attractive or so interesting, and at the same time you feel a cold trickle of ice-water down your spine as a vision of the famous "centre" with its massed tiers of human faces all looking at you rises up unbidden.

Somehow in a sort of trance you eat an early lunch, you get yourself down to Wimbledon, you enter the dressing-room. Surely the other competitors look at you with added interest, for are you not one of the "chosen." A long match goes on, another, and you anxiously climb into the crowded competitors' gallery to "see how the score stands," for your match comes third on the programme. You go back to the dressing-room.

It seems very near the end. Surely you will be wanted very shortly. Your hands turn to ice, and your tongue seems unable to make any sound whatsoever. You drift into a sort of feverish reverie as to what would happen if you went on serving double faults, or something equally ridiculous like that, and then the telephone bell rings, and the dressing-room attendant tells you, "Wanted on the centre, please," and your moment has come at last.

At first all you are conscious of is a great sense of space and light as you come out into the huge green arena. Then the sea of faces strikes you dumb.

Somehow you start to knock up the balls, somehow you feel yourself beginning to serve. Everything seems quite too impossible, it feels as though your arms and legs were tied with invisible cords, you feel ashamed of ever having tried to play tennis, certainly to have attempted anything so audacious as playing on the centre court, and then suddenly it all slips from you like a bad dream, and you are just out to play your utmost, and to do the very best you can.

Somehow you get back the most impossible balls, somehow you keep rallies going that on ordinary occasions would have "sunk" you at once. Breathless but amazingly happy, you fight on to the end, and when you walk side-by-side with the great one to the dressing-rooms your reward comes in the careless remark of one of the "gallery." Heard "en passant," "Well, young so-and-so made a jolly good fight of it anyway, I was quite surprised myself he did so well."

3. As the Spectators View It. By Pendarves

A TERRIBLE, and invariable, thing to find confronting you at Wimbledon on a big day, when you have misjudged the time that District trains take to get there. For all you see then are the broad and unequivocal backs of people, with chinks between their hatted heads, through which you catch glimpses of white figures moving vaguely, and hear the umpire's almost meaningless monologue "... vantage server ... leads ... having won the first set. ..."

But a seat achieved—and you are one of the tense watchers in this colourful arena. To the non-player it appears merely as an exciting social assembly, with fascinating "close-ups" of extremely pretty women. To the tea-party tenniser ("bring some balls, we've rubbed ours to death on the hall mat") it must seem an entirely inhuman affair, played by machines which are wound up in the background somewhere, pushed on to the court, and allowed to kick themselves to a standstill.

To the Breakwater-by-Sea tournamenter ("one knows all the *tennis* people, of course; the others? well, I can't really say: one doesn't somehow *see* them ...") it probably appears "quite good stuff on the whole: but her forehand drive is not what it was. I remember at Brinton last year ..." In the mind of the actual Wimbledonian, one of the gods of the game, watching critically from the competitors' and friends' stand, I imagine it must obviously breed a mixture of malice and misgiving. This is, naturally, only a dim surmise on my part, as I have never reached the heights of actual *speech* with a centre-courter. I don't suppose I ever shall, though leading a fairly full life in the meantime.

To me, however, in spite of a plethora of excitement, drama, adventure, bathos and beatitude during the rushing months of a busy Bystander's year, the centre court at Wimbledon can, and usually does, furnish for a couple of frantic hours of strained observation such a tensely absorbing spectacle that I am temporarily ten years older for two hours thereafter. And so are most other people.

There will almost certainly this year be provided a repetition on the part of two leading players of last year's Cochet-Tilden contest. Whereat we became oblivious of whom was sitting beside us: we couldn't have remembered if it was Tuesday or Thursday: cigarettes expired in our fingers: we forgot if our noses shone—we didn't care if they did; the whole of the outside world had ceased to function for any of us—it all lay here, on this green square of world supremacy, nowhere else: a prize fight at the Albert Hall was a lapdoodle affair compared with this long-drawn-out, intensely thrilling mental torture.

But how *marvellous* it must be to be picked by authority, from all the hordes of spectators in England, to come *on* to the centre court, sit on a chair, and watch out for foot faults! Think of it! ... For then, in the midst of the great silence that envelops the place, you, *you*, can suddenly snarl at the top of your voice "P-A-A-A"! And a wizard of the game who has taken belts and medals and things at Monte and Deauville, and has been offered contracts by Hollywood, and, moreover, receives hundreds of letters from women, will look at you abjectly, with pained surprise, almost as a schoolboy does to his form master. ... It is *too* wonderful: In fact, I can't bear to think of it. ... No, I can't really!

The Lady of the Crinoline

Dorothy Wilding

A charming camera study of Miss Jessie Matthews in one of the dresses she wears in "This Year of Grace" at the London Pavilion. The voluminous dress and no less voluminous tresses suggest a quintessence of Victorian demureness. However, if all we hear is true, the sampler-working, hansom-cab shunning miss of those comfortable days was not *quite* so shyly retiring as Miss Matthews's pose so delightfully suggests

A GATHERING OF STARS *Central News*

A novel lawn tennis match took place at the West Side Country Club, Ealing, when a team of stage stars met a team of tennis stars in aid of the funds of Guy's Hospital. The group includes Miss Eileen Bennett, M. H. Cochet, Mr. P. D. B. Spence, Miss Fay Compton, the Mayor of Ealing, the Lord Mayor of London, Mrs. Nuthall, Mr. Billy Merson, Miss Betty Nuthall, Mr. C. Kingsley, Mrs. Randolph Lycett, Mr. Harry Welchman, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Miss Edna Best, Miss Margery Clark and Miss Gwen Sterry

Planet News

IN TRAINING

Bobby Pearce, the Australian Sculling Champion, who is to take part in the Olympic Games Regatta. Like many other competitors, he is carrying out part of his training on the Thames

AN OLYMPIC CREW *Planet News*

The Japanese Crew which is taking part in the Olympic Games Regatta at Amsterdam in training on the Thames. The photograph shows Sato (bow), Takashima, Tsuchida, Nose and Sonobe (cox)

Sport Ashore and Afloat

CHAMPION AGAIN *Topical*

Miss Jean McCulloch, who regained the Scottish Ladies' Golf Championship at St. Andrews, receiving the cup from Mr. Inglis, Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club. Miss McCulloch beat Miss P. Ramsay by 2 and 1 in the final

A MEETING AT SONNING *Sport and General*

A group of competitors who took part in the recent Golf Tourney of the "Three Ds" Golfing Society, comprising Debenhams Securities, Debenhams Limited and the Drapery Trust. The Tourney was played off over the Sonning Course, and the individual prize winners were Messrs. E. F. Cutts, S. M. Spence, G. Maurice Wright, J. D. Prytherch, R. A. Driscoll, Wellesley Smith and W. Davis

Alfieri

THE HON. R. C. CUBITT, MRS. KEITH NEWALL, PRINCE OBOLENSKY, LORD SEFTON, MRS. H. G. BUCKMASTER AND MR. FRANK COVELL

A Golf Tournament in France

Some of those who were present as spectators or players in the recent golf tournament which Buck's Club held at Le Touquet. The bright sunshine gave additional enjoyment to the occasion

Sport and General

MRS. HEDLEY, MAJOR GARRARD, MISS SAMMUT, MISS REYNOLDS AND MR. PLAYER

Sport and General

LORD WHARNCLIFFE, LADY BROUGHTON, SIR ADRIAN BAILLIE AND LADY WHARNCLIFFE

Alfieri

LADY ANCASTER AND MR. REGGIE FELLOWES

PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Refuse the prize

MES AMIS,

QUITE a number of people used to want Parisiennes to be good, particularly the *jeunes filles* of what was reputed—all over a jealous world—to be a naughty city. And many of these aforesaid folk chanced to be possessed of a comfortable portion of worldly wealth which they wished to dispose of usefully when they died. So they judged that, while it might not be an absolute assurance that the chance of securing some of this money would impel young Parisiennes to be good, it would be, *au moins,* a powerful encouragement, and they bequeathed legacies to be distributed among those *jeunes citoyennes* who could prove that they had merited the reward by going home early in the evening and remaining there, instead of gadding about the boulevards or the *bals-musettes.*

"What were you doing in a taxi?"

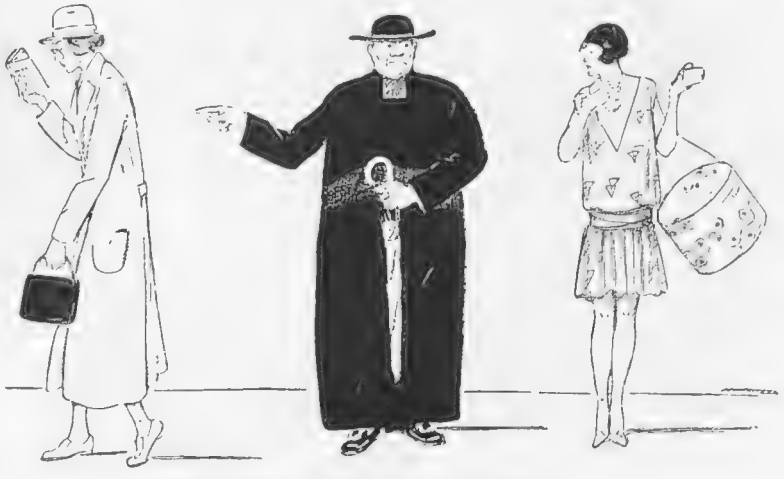
AND at one time there used to be claimants for these *prix de vertu,* girls who were subsequently honoured in their *quartiers* and pointed out to their more wayward sisters as shining examples of a youth well spent. But they seem to have passed for ever. There are no claimants now, and the legacies are left on the hands of the trustees, who are bemoaning the unfortunate turn of events. But you must not leap to the conclusion that this is a proof that Parisiennes have ceased to be good. There may be just as many Yvonnes and Yvettes who are entirely *sérieuses* as ever there were. But they refuse to ask for the prizes.

THE rewards have ceased to be worth the collecting. When the capital for the annuity was constituted it consisted of gold, and in gold francs the annuity made an amount that was appreciable. But in paper francs it comes to a figure that is not worth the formalities which are involved, and thus possible candidates with the necessary qualifications decline to make themselves known. Even the youthful Parisienne is aware that she would be giggled at by the girls of her quarter if she received a thousand francs as a *prix de vertu,* and she is not willing to suffer perpetual giggles for a mere thousand francs of paper.

FROM the older generation there have been many acid criticisms recently over the decay of the Parisian politeness that used to be accepted as a tradition all over Europe. But if politeness has decreased —and this must be regretfully acknowledged—there does not appear to be any sign of the passing of Parisian gallantry. Even municipal officials—and they are habitually at the precipitous limit of unmannerliness—are still capable of rising to an appropriate occasion. *Par exemple,* an incident which is just reported from the local office for the recovery of lost property.

A DAINTY young Parisienne, accompanied by a somewhat severe-looking husband, came into the office to reclaim a lost umbrella. One must be able to furnish an absolutely accurate description of one's property at this establishment before there is any hope of securing its return, as the staff are very fearful about being "diddled," but the young wife described the umbrella in every particular, and when the official produced it remarked, "There are the marks I spoke of; it's mine all right."

(*Continued on page 662*)



'Pointed out to their more wayward sisters"

At the Folies Bergère

BY WINIFRED C. HONEY

Some impressions of the latest revue at the Folies Bergère. Probably the most costly show now running in Paris, it is playing to enormous business

(Continued from page 660)

STILL maintaining caution, the official asked, as a final test, "Where did you lose it?" "Oh, in an omnibus," replied the owner. "In that case," commented the official, "you must have made a mistake, as this umbrella was not found in an omnibus, but in a taxi." The young wife looked embarrassed, and immediately the husband, who had equally recognised the umbrella, interjected: "In a taxi! What were you doing in a taxi?" The official realised that he had fanned smouldering flames of jealousy, and gallantly came to the rescue of Eve in distress. "I'm afraid I did not make myself quite clear," he said. "What I meant to say was that the umbrella was found by the chauffeur of a taxi while he was returning home in an omnibus." As the couple left the wife beamed at him with *reconnaissance*.

"The key was turned upon her"

ANOTHER adventure originating in jealousy has just been recorded. In this case it was the wife of a banker who was the victim. She happens to be young as well as pretty and intelligent, and she had therefore full reason to be surprised when she learned that her husband was associating with a music-hall *comedienne* who could not possibly compete with her for good looks or *chic*.

SHE was so intrigued over this that she became most anxious to ascertain what could be the power of her rival's charm, and when she accidentally heard that the *artiste* was inquiring for a *femme de chambre* she decided that this was an excellent opportunity to penetrate the mystery. So she dressed herself up as a typical maid the next afternoon, and, calling on the *comedienne* to offer her services, was engaged to start work at once.

IT was then half-past four, and she knew that her husband's calling time was five o'clock, so she calculated that she might have the luck to hear something very soon through the thin partitions of the room. At five minutes to five the bell rang, and the *comedienne* said to the "maid": I am expecting my lover. Give me my *rose peignoir*, which is at the back of that wardrobe." The "maid" stepped into the huge wardrobe, but no sooner was she inside than the key was turned upon her. She was only released three hours later, when the *artiste*, who had seen through her disguise from the start, said: "That will teach you not to meddle with things that don't concern you." This was rather a "tall" claim to make, for the affair could clearly be said to concern the supplanted wife very much, but the wife felt that she had been outmanœuvred so easily that she decided to "swallow her medicine." No doubt she will plot an adequate *revanche* along other and better lines.

RENÉ.

WIMBLEDON WORTHIES

By BRUCE WOODHOUSE

THE REFEREE

That harassed man the Referee
You very seldom chance to see,
For in his hutch he sits all day
And notes the "net" results of play,
Whilst famous players bow before
This busy man whose word is Law.
He rules them all—but here's the catch!
He can't find time to watch a match!

THE UMPIRE

The Umpire on his lofty chair
Commands a view that's splendid.
In manly roar he calls the score
Until the match is ended;
Oh, HOW I envy his position—
Until he gives a wrong decision!

THE LINESMAN

With hat over eyes he lolls by the line
In attitude languid and softly supine;
Or, if he's a novice, he sits on his chair
With an "I've=got=my=eye=on=the=ball=Umpire" air.
But be he old stager or "rabbity" new,
In the course of the meeting we find it's too true
That his lines are not cast in the pleasantest places
When he makes wrong decisions at critical "aces."

THE BALL BOYS

In their little khaki shorts
These Retrievers of the Courts
The temperamental player sometimes fidget,
For they frequently forget all about the wretched set
And, day=dreaming, loll about and suck their digit,
But whether they be lively, comatose or frankly bad,
There's no denying every single one's a "bouncing" lad!

THE PLAYERS

They've all got lots of racquets,
They've all got lots of poise,
Upon the court they bravely sport,
Ignoring crowds and noise.
They're all so keen, I own I've yet to
Meet the one who'ld shirk a set=to.

THE SPECTATORS

Tall and short and fat and thin,
Packed like fishes in a tin,
Around the court they stand in rows
Ejaculating Ahs and Ohs—
"My dear! I think Borotra's VERY
"Sweet; I simply LOVE that béret."
As experts they score a miss
But kindly to remember this,
That keenness which they show each day
Is that which makes the meeting pay

Features that strike an ultra-modern note

It is difficult to realise how far conventional design and fashion have been left behind until you see and drive the new Victory Six.

How different and smart the Victory is! A long, low, clever looking car with surprising head-room and leg-room.

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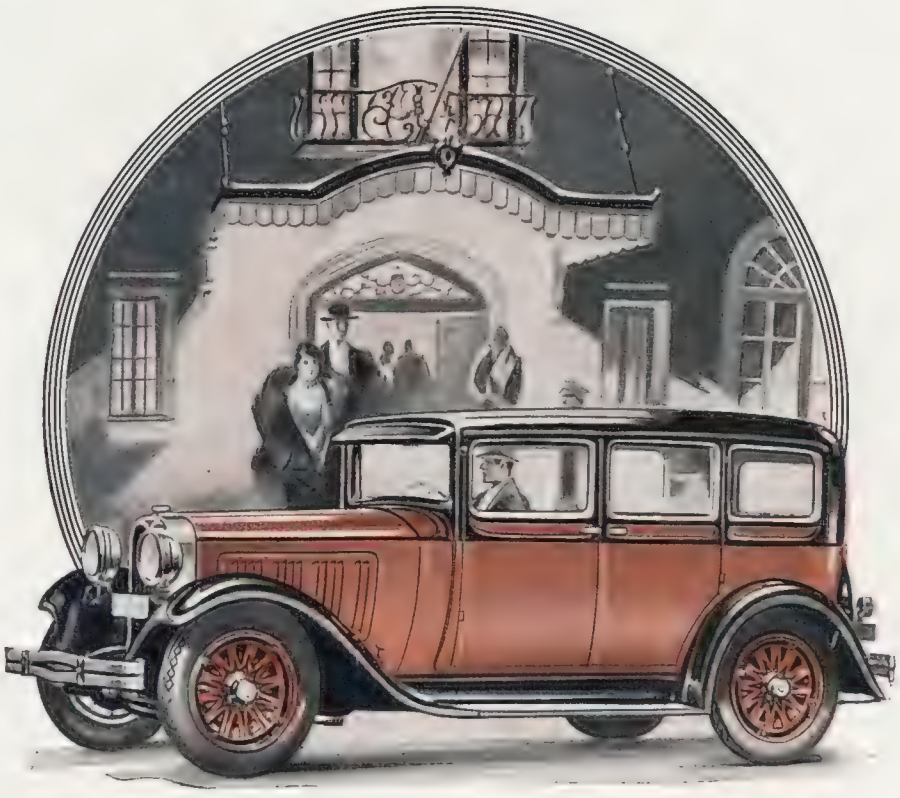

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VICTORY SALOON – 5 SEATER

THE VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

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"In ! . . . No, linesman's given 'out.' Well, I could have sworn . . . Oh, well placed, sir ! . . . Seats for the centre court on Friday. I'm looking forward to that . . . Jove, what perfect length the man gets ! He'll reach the semi-finals anyway . . . a-a-h ! Game and set. Bravo ! . . . Gad, I'm dry. What about a Worthington now, and a spot of lunch . . . ?"

Wimb. and Strawbs.

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *June* 25.

DEAR COUSIN,

Panem et circenses wasn't it the ancient Roman populace used to shout for, and make some tumult too if they didn't get 'em both? More or less literal translation of which nice little aforesaid bit of Latin, as brought up to date and adapted, so to speak, being our own little *dernier cri* of the moment, as you might say, which is *Wimbledon and strawberries!* Positively almost utterly and exactly like the old classic circuses and places. By the way, come to think of it, that you still see quite lots of remains of even in the modernised Mussolini Italy of to-day. . . . Our own great monstrous round Wimbledoneum is, I mean, with its tiers on tiers of seats all rising right up high to heaven, and converging down from every point and concentrating on that little tiny green arena where the glad gladiators fight it out.

卐

HARK, O brethren and sistren, unto the growls and roars of the lions and tigers that are just going to be let loose on the Christian rabbits, as it were . . . But no, my mistake, it's only the competitors from France and Noo Yark and Germany and Czecho-Slovakia and Belgium and Spain and Kamschatka and Zululand all telling each other their opinions all at once in their own various accents about referees or whether it's going to rain. Or, perchance, the eagerly panting 1,000 h.p. engine of Mr. Borotra's plane as he hustles hurriedly in from a board meeting in Paris and picks out a nice little spot on the Centre Court to land for his match that's due just about half a minute hence. Had nets too, didn't they, the old *rétiarii* and people we read of in those jolly little romances of good old Rome in the purple period, when the man who lost a centre court match didn't ever have to bother much about playing in the Plate afterwards, what?

卐

RATHER a *morituri te salutamus* air, too (did you know your Blanchette got a first in classics at Borstal University?), about our own gallant band of glad glads, mefears, on this, as other recent occasions, alas, but never mind. The game's the thing, as Mr. Shakespeare or Mr. Kipling or someone once said, and,

"Telling each other their opinions all at once"

after all, we can most suttinly rely on our Betty and our Eileen and our Peggy and our Joan to put up one of the very best against Helen or Lili or whoever it may be from overseas, cannot we? *Quant aux hommes* (said she, knowing this language too, and you do have to know quite a lot at Wimb.)—well, I can't seem to remember our own English names that are concerned in the affair quite so well and familiarly somehow. But am equally sure that if they do happen to fall before these horrid foreigners who've stolen our thunder, they'll go down fighting to the last. And with their final breath still be found bravely smashing and volleying and driving for that ideal spot just about half an inch inside the lines—and I can't say no fairer nor that, can I?

卐

A STRAWBERRY, dear Cousin—hast ever thought how thoroughly and typically English it is? All bright and red and p'raps even rather coarsely healthy-looking, but when you get inside . . . What an exquisite and altogether individual flavour all of its own, subtle, but honest and satisfying, a little acid with the sweet, but none the worse for that . . . Oh, I could write to you for hours about strawberries, but am not going to (wherefor you're doubtless duly grateful, what?). But talking thereof has somehow rather reminded me of a couple of plays I saw lately, one English and one Russian. English one being *The Return of the Soldier,* at the Playhouse, which Rebecca West wrote as a book and Mr. John Van Druten (who did *Young Woodley*)

"Cram-jam-dam full of visitors"

made into said present drama. So English, my dear, at least, I'm sure it must be, because there's no illicit love in it, and the mere idea of there being a husband and a wife in the background positively even stops the two people who love one another from going off together instead of stimulating 'em thereto. *Aren't* we a dull and backward nation?

卐

Whereas and on the contrary, visiting the Gate Theatre, where they're so terribly and completely modern, well, they had a lovely Russian play there called *Nju*, wherein all sorts of things happen to another married lady. She meets a youngish man at a dance and in about five minutes he's written a poem to her, and she decides to go and live with him because she's bored with her husband; and the new lover's fortunately free too because, as he gloomily remarks, "My last mistress left me a week ago." Husband beats her with a whip because he loves her so, and tries to shoot lover, but it's no use. She goes off to a life of lurid though not exactly luxurious sin—these Russians do seem to be rather depressing lovers—and then, after about a week of it, starts arguing about a future life with the *tertium quid*. Whereupon he not altogether inexcusably leaves her and she takes poison, and at the funeral he starts making love to someone else. Oh well, as some other famous person once said, "Thank God I'm not clever," and anyway am truly glad I'm not a character in a Russian play. Should be somewhat cross with the author if so. And can't say I'm in the least surprised at their Raiz revolutions and things if any of them are at all like that either, what?

"Growing our hair longer"

卐

Dancing is in full swing now at the usual resorts, besides the positively record number of private dances this week *chez* peeresses and people, to the tune of at least a couple a night and then some. And London's packed, you know, absolutely cram-jam-dam-full of visitors from everywhere,

> The Argentines and the Portuguese,
> The Armenians *and* the Greeks.

And there's a rumour too that we are to start growing our hair longer again at last—though don't you believe it till you see it. And Mr. Compton Mackenzie's written another perfectly good novel all about Salonika and the Secret Service there in the War, and how the King of Greece said "These b——y politicians and diplomats drive me mad," and all that sort of indiscreet thing that makes it almost as fascinating as the one about Capri last year—do you remember? Banned everywhere in Italy it was, I don't wonder.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette.

Bystander Bridge

Contract in America and Europe

By A. E. Manning Foster

In the American code of Contract adopted by the Whist Club, New York, the trick values are: No Trumps 35, Spades 30, Hearts 30, Diamonds 20, Clubs 20—100 points being necessary to make game.

The bonuses for making slams are: Little slam declared and made when Declarer is not vulnerable (i.e., has not made a game) scores 500; when the Declarer is vulnerable, 750. Grand slam when not vulnerable 1,000, and when vulnerable 1,500.

The great aim, therefore, is to bid on hands that afford any prospect of slams for these big bonuses, and to produce this result a number of artificial conventions have been invented.

. . . . . .

A friend who has played a great deal of Contract in various parts of Europe tells me that the American code has not been adopted on the Continent. A much simpler system exists, mainly on the lines of the game when played in England some years ago.

"The scoring is as follows:—

"50 points for making contract, 50 points lost for not making it, 50 points for first and every further trick made over the contract, and at the same time 50 points lost for first and every further trick in which the player had failed to make his contract.

"If one player, or both, have made a game, the bonuses and fines are doubled—that is to say, for either or both players playing the second game, but not for those who have not made a game, who score as above.

"Grand slam declared scores 1,500 besides the 200 bonus. Little slam declared scores 750 besides the 100 bonus.

"These are doubled when playing in the second game, though the usual bonuses are not doubled, as they are considered as honours, and are given whether the slams are declared or not.

"The above must be stated before playing, and are not obligatory, though the bonuses are part of the usual scoring, and are not optional. For making the first game there is a bonus of 350, and for making the second game 750. This style of scoring is played at the Jockey Club, Vienna, and at the Casino, Budapest, and all over Italy, Germany, Jugo-Slavia, and Czecho-Slovakia. France is the only country in which it has not been adopted.

. . . . . .

I do not think there is any chance of Contract superseding Auction as a club game in England.

It is too difficult, too strenuous, and the rubbers are too long. It was tried and rejected. But it is, in many respects, far more interesting and exciting than Auction, and there is no reason why people should not play it privately. The only difficulty is which code to adopt.

Mr. Lenz is very sound in his criticisms of and comments on the game. He points out that the worst drawbacks of Contract are the premiums it gives to the expert player and the length of time it takes to play a rubber.

The average player at Auction has not a chance at Contract. All the same, the outstanding feature of Contract is unquestionably a sound and vital improvement over Auction. It is entirely logical to deny the right to score towards game any points that a player is unwilling to bid for. Contract more amply rewards the skilful player who is able accurately to estimate the trick valuation of a hand and then to play the cards for the maximum number of tricks that are obtainable.

Haig
WHISKY

It is our health that matters.

If we eat too much we will be ill.
If we drink too much Haig Whisky we will suffer.
If we take too much wine we will pay up for it.
If we take too much of anything we will do wrong.

And we must suffer the consequences.

But there are things that we may take in moderation *and yet be ill.* Some things even taken moderately turn acid owing to faulty digestion.

It is not as widely known as it ought to be that persons who suffer in this way may—and often do—find relief by taking along with food a moderate quantity of

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FEMINA

THIS FREEDOM

By CANDIDA

A DEBUTANTE OF THE SEASON

A photograph of Miss Hazel Stubbs, who was among the many young people who made their débuts this year. She was presented at the first June Court by Mrs. Herbert Montgomery Campbell

So this is June. And immediately one conjures up visions of other Junes more worthy of the name. A June that lives up to its reputation; a garden-party sort of June when one can eat one's strawberries under a nice, shady tree and wear one's flowered chiffon with peace of mind and comfort; a blue-and-golden June scented, not with Jean Patou's latest, but with real roses; a June, in short, such as we haven't seen for years. Still, it might be worse. Even this June compares favourably with one I can remember, when it sleeted two days before Ascot, and people returned to the furs that were fortunately not in cold storage, because cold storage hadn't been invented in those benighted days, and one did one's best at home with cedar chests and moth balls and things.

So this is June, the Season's height, as they say in the papers; June, with parties by the dozen every day and night, and flowered chiffon frocks by the million to wear at them. I rather long for a little less of both. Nearly always the party I've decided on a fortnight before the event seems less attractive than the one that turns up at the last moment; with all our cleverness we haven't yet arrived at the art of being in two places at the same time. Lots of people compromise by crowding two or three events into one night, but that seems to me as barbarous as eating two dinners on the same evening—to say nothing of the time that's wasted in rolling from one place to another even in the best limousine that ever was. And when one considers that we haven't all got limousines . . . London always feels a little stale and dusty at midsummer, though it's a brilliant sort of a Season, so they say. I've noticed some of the glitter myself. Coming out of the Opera on a warm night you may see silver cloaks dropping from diamond-festooned necks, diamonds real, synthetic, or frankly imitative, it doesn't matter which for the sake of the picture. But as to what makes for brilliance in a less literal way—the presence of the distinguished ones of the earth, for instance; the flavour of Courts, the flower of the *Corps Diplomatique*, or of the *haute finance*—these shine no more obviously than they did in other years. Less if anything. Democracy is a terrible tarnisher of the brilliancy, if not of the gaiety, of nations.

June always makes me feel as if I couldn't resign myself to letting life slip by without having done something tremendously interesting to justify my existence. It must be the nearness of midsummer night, when strange things are supposed to happen to quite ordinary people. Lots of us feel like that, I believe, and some of us take to travelling (when we can afford it) in search of we know not what; and others merely go to the pictures (which is considerably cheaper and less trouble), where they are always justifying their existence in some picturesque and impossible way. No one is so bored, or so *blasé*, or so middle-aged as not to feel sometimes the stir of some discontent with the things that are; not to long, however feebly, for the real freedom.

Lafayette

MRS. J. N. WILLYS

The wife of Mr. J. N. Willys, the American motor car magnate. She was presented at the first June Court by Mrs. Houghton, the wife of the American Ambassador

Nice word in the abstract, this freedom, but what does it amount to in the world we live in? Ask anyone. Read anybody. The answer is that there is no answer. I've been reading Paul Morand's "Rien que la Terre." He's lately developed into an English classic, or very nearly. The whole world is too small and too mean a place to house his spirit. *Rien que la Terre.* Nothing but this poor planet to travel over. Nowhere to go to where Thomas Cook and Son haven't been before you. No conquest of anything left but the conquest of the spirit, which it seems too late or too early in the world's history to attempt.

Oh, yes, I admit it looks as if there were. I have met now and then some bachelor man or woman, some beloved of the gods, who seemed as if they shared the gods' own freedom. He with his clubs, his views, his appreciation of a good dinner, his top-hole cellar, his pleasant friends; she with her interests, her success, her ability to go where she liked, do as she pleased—could any life be better planned, I wonder? One doesn't ask, but if one did and they were quite, quite honest, the answer would be: "*Rien que la terre,*" and what does that amount to? Interpreted by the preacher, it means "Vanity of Vanities."

Freedom, elusive wraith, lovely mirage of dreams, who's ever seen you? Who's felt you? Who's known you? Not the so-called fortunate of this world, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, which chokes him unless he's intelligent enough to remove it. Wedded to pleasure which isn't pleasure; to duties because *noblesse oblige*, and there's nothing else to live for. Not the unfortunate ruled by unhappy circumstances he can't control. Not the others, the betwixt-and-between, tied to work whose usefulness they doubt, burdened with cares for the present, anxieties about the future, hampered at best by railway tickets and reservations and hotel bookings. . . .

Well, well, it's nearly Midsummer night; let this be my excuse. After all, there's still Jazz to live for, the new arts, modern music, prose *à la* Gertrude Stein, and the Sitwell poetry!

CANDIDA.

Thanks! but I prefer men with 'Wills of their own'

Wills'
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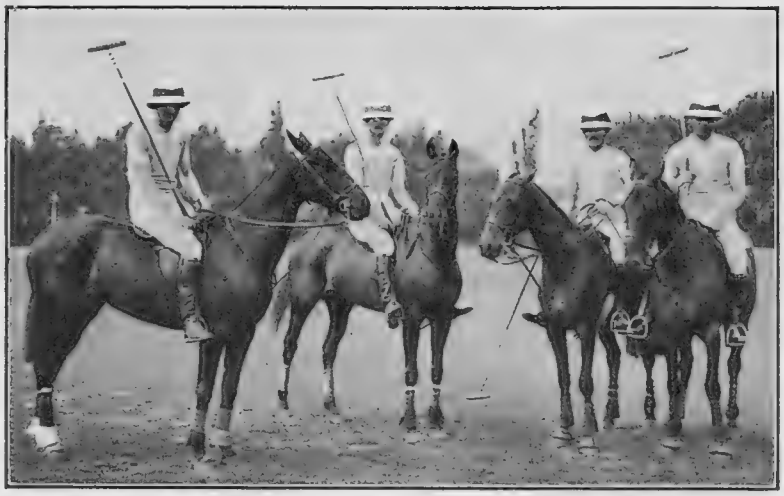


INTER-REGIMENTAL WINNERS *Alfieri*

The Queen's Bays team which beat the 10th Royal Hussars in a first-round tie of the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham by 11 goals to 6. The team comprises Mr. G. W. C. Draffan, Mr. A. H. Barclay, Capt. G. H. Fanshawe and Capt. E. D. Fanshawe

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Hurricanes Checked

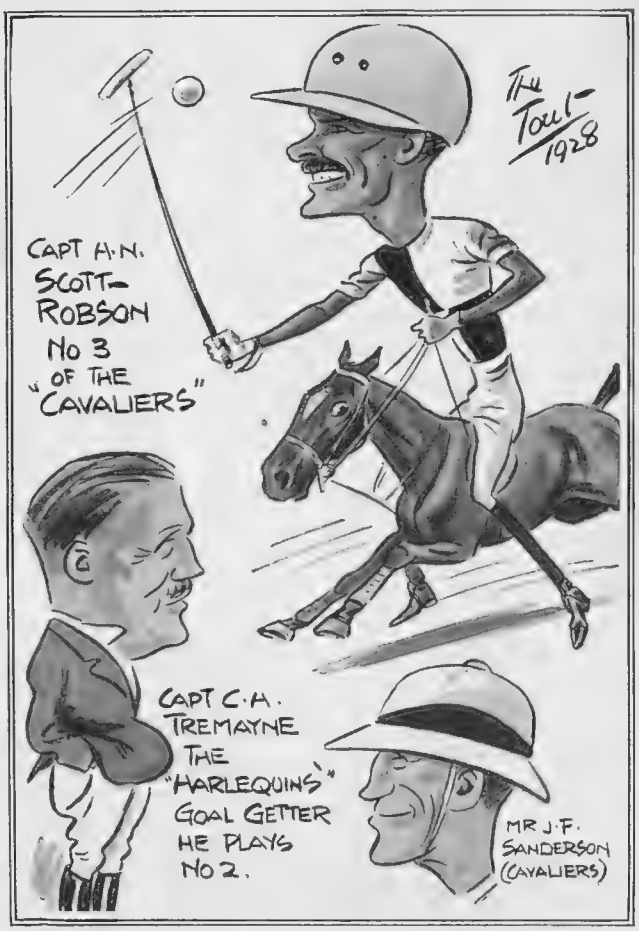
A DECIDED fillip has been given to the Champion Cup this week by recent events at the London clubs. At the beginning of the month it appeared to be almost inevitable that the Hurricanes would sweep the board of the premier tournaments. But luck was against this team in the Ranelagh Open Cup. I suppose Mr. Sanford would now be holding that trophy had he been able to put his full side in the field against El Gordo. Unfortunately, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise was much more badly affected by the fall he had taken earlier in the tournament than he had at first imagined. He found it impossible to turn out for the team in the final. To make matters worse, Major Jack Harrison also had to cry off owing to a sharp attack of lumbago. This made it necessary for Mr. Sanford either to retire from the tournament or to find a couple of substitutes.

Good Substitutes

HE preferred the latter alternative. To replace his No. 3 he was able to secure the services of Lieut.-Col. F. B. Hurndall, who has come down from York with the regimental team of the 14th/20th Hussars for the purpose of taking part in the various Army tournaments at the London clubs. There have not been, since the war, many more brilliant players than Col. Hurndall at his best. It will be recalled that he has played for England in the international matches at Meadowbrook. He has a good stud of ponies, so Mr. Sanford was fortunate in finding him available for his team. Major Harrison's place was not so easy to fill. An interesting substitute, however, was secured in the person of Mr. Humphrey Guinness, who hitherto had not quite fulfilled in London the reputation he had established in India. Still, the fact that he had been selected to accompany the Army-in-India team as spare man to the United States last season shows that a great deal was thought of this young player in Indian polo circles.

A Fine Hitter

SUFFICIENT was seen of Mr. Guinness in the final of the Ranelagh Cup to show that he has immense possibilities in the game. I do not think it will be suggested that he was the best horseman on the field at Ranelagh, and possibly it is in this direction that he falls rather short of the best international standard. At the same time, he is a remarkably fine hitter. I have seen no back this season who gets a greater length on the ball than he does when hitting out from his own back line. One feature of his play which I was glad to observe was the careful way in which he placed his backhanders. He rarely allowed himself to get flurried, and usually directed the ball out of the danger zone. You will understand that with two new members in the side the Hurricanes were much less effective in combination than they usually are. Col. Hurndall and Mr. Guinness gave of their best. But they had never played before with the two men who were in front of them, and the result was, quite understandably, that the team was often at sixes and sevens.

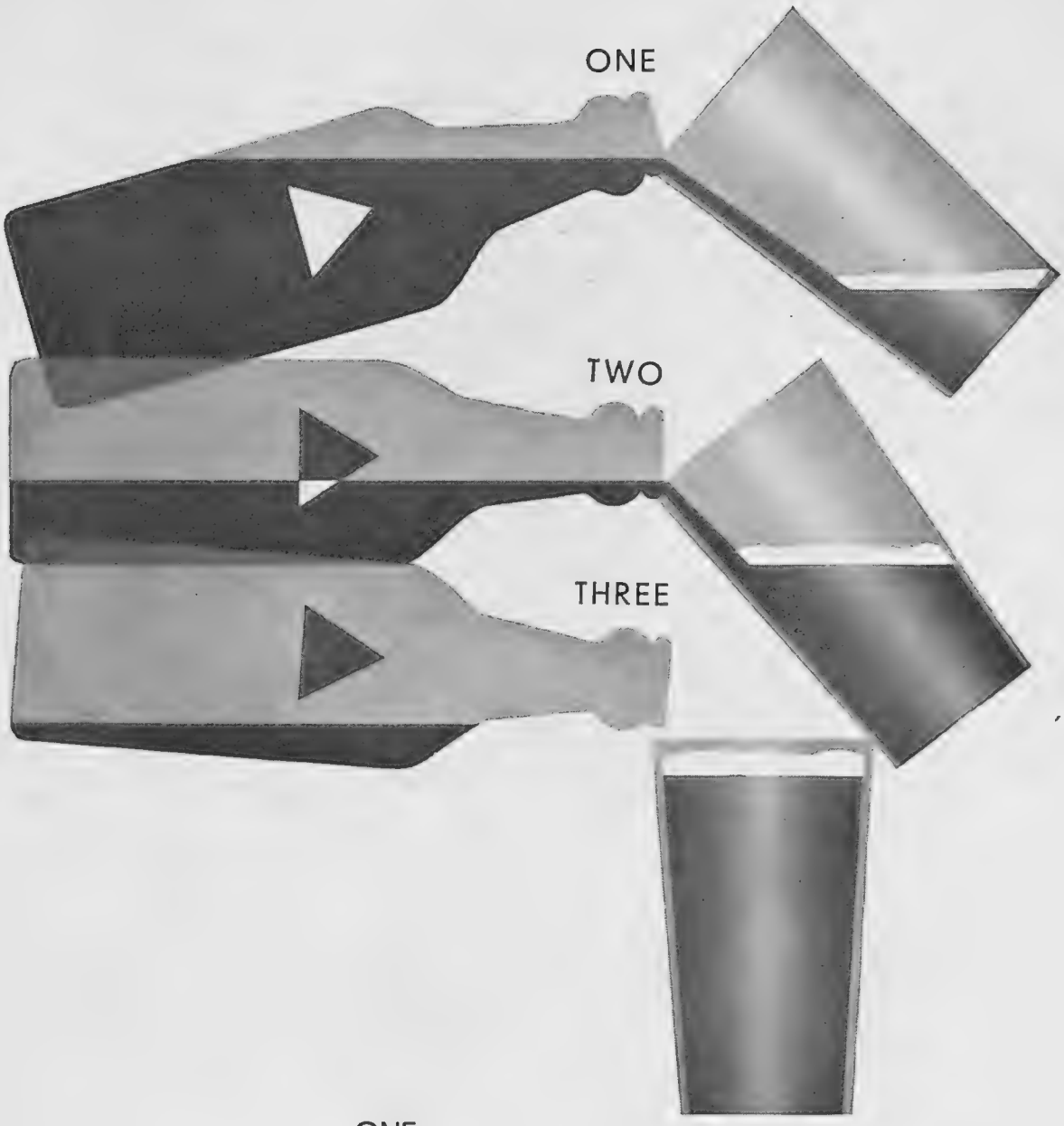


"IN FORM" By "THE TOUT"

Famous players of two of the foremost teams of the present Polo season. Captain Scott Robson is the life and soul of the Cavaliers, and Captain Tremayne is the big hitter of the Harlequins. Mr. Sanderson is also a promising player for the Cavaliers

El Gordo's Success

IN saying this I do not wish in any way to imply that El Gordo were not a very brilliant team in this particular match. As a matter of fact, this Spanish-Argentine combination left their previous form this season a long way behind. Mr. Traill and Mr. Lacey were at something like their best, which is a very good best indeed. The Marquis of Villabragima once again proved himself to be an indefatigable worker, and the Duke of Peñeranda, who was riding Mars and other fast ponies, was always in the picture. Thus El Gordo rode off comfortable winners. It now remains to be seen what they can do against the Hurricanes if the latter are able to bring out their regular side in the Champion Cup. There is one player in this tournament whose form we shall watch with interest, and he is Mr. Winston Guest, who is one of the best polo players of the younger school in the United States.



ONE
Hold the bottle steady against lip of glass
TWO
Let the beer trickle gently down the slope
THREE
Tilt the bottle no more than shown here
And there's your Bass—

BASS

amber clear. Bass at its very best and brightest. Always pour Bass—
like this!

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

EVEN to-day people seem to fight shy of a volume of short stories, and feel that they have been unfairly treated if they find that So-and-So's "new book" is not a full-length novel. But do not allow yourself to miss Miss Vere Hutchinson's new book *The Other Gate* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) because it consists of short stories, for these are almost startlingly virile and strangely unusual and mightily good to read. You would swear that they had been written by a man, and it may be that there is a hardness, even a harshness, about them; that does not matter. They are very fine stories, and it is good to see them introduced to your notice by another writer of distinction, Sheila Kaye-Smith.

I do not feel called on to speak of the stories themselves in any detail; it will be enough to say that they have nothing in common with the milk-and-watery things you so often find in the popular magazines. I do not remember ever to have read a more pathetic description of a man who has married solely for money than is given in "The White Cockatoo." "The Hoax" is a beautiful story of a boy's misplaced love, and "The Locusts" is as pretty a little comedy of "in-laws" as you could wish for. In none of the stories is that subtle drama of the background lacking, and those who have not yet become familiar with Miss Hutchinson's work will find a treat in store for them.

❋

THERE is a delightfully intimate description of life in the Far North in Mr. H. P. Lee's *Policing the Top of the World* (Lane: 8*s.* 6*d.* net). Some years ago the Canadian Government decided to establish small posts in Ellesmere Land, and detachments of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police went north, Mr. Lee, as a private, with them. He spent two years cut off from civilisation in a corner of the world which is in darkness for four or five months in the year, and he has a sufficiently exciting story to tell. Apart from the thrills of walrus-hunting the little detachment had plenty of excitement. It was burnt out of its home, nearly killed by coal-gas, and almost drowned by those treacherous channels which appear so suddenly in what is apparently a solid mile of ice.

You may have come to the conclusion that stories of Arctic life are all much the same, and in a sense perhaps they are; but Mr. Lee never ceases to be interesting. He gives you a most vivid picture of the Esquimaux as they really are. He explains exactly what is likely to happen to a little party wholly cut off from civilisation, in the matter of food and storms and dogs. And you begin to realise what it means to know that if the ship, whose annual visit is almost due, has been prevented from reaching you, twelve weary months must pass before you can receive any news of the world or fresh supplies. It is an exhilarating book, and one which you will almost certainly read at a sitting.

JEAN POUGUET

Whose violin recital at the Wigmore Hall last week confirmed the opinion of those who had already predicted a great future for him

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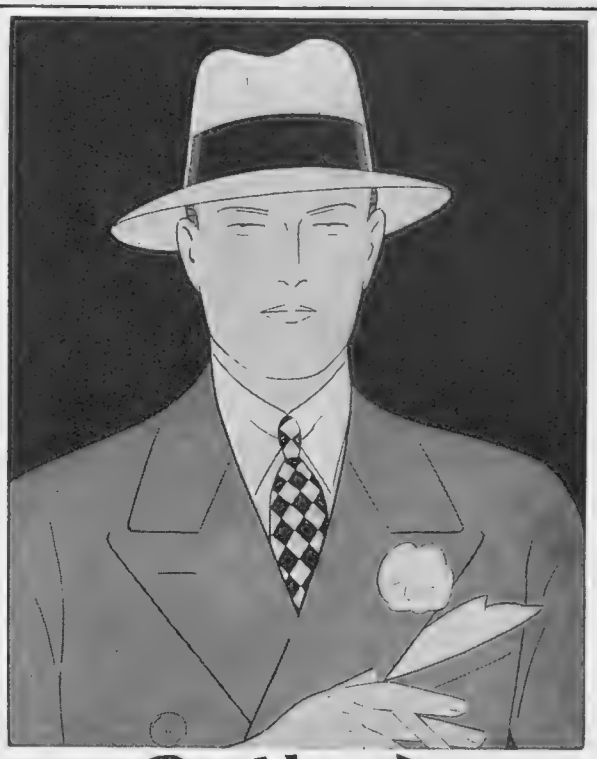

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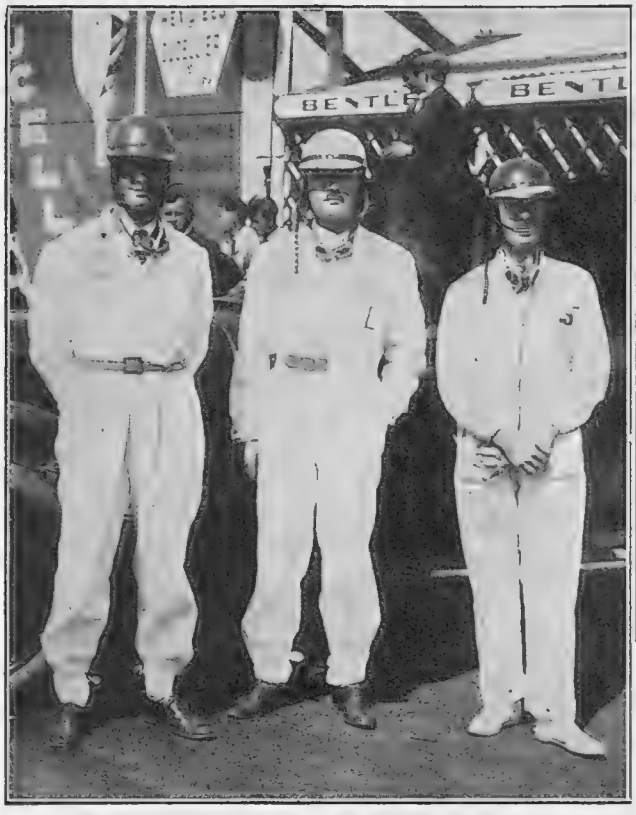
In this problem picture "Rilette" seems to suggest that it is just as important to be wedded to the right cigarette as to the right wife. The former, anyhow, is easily found.

D.3.

A Mixed Bag of Sport



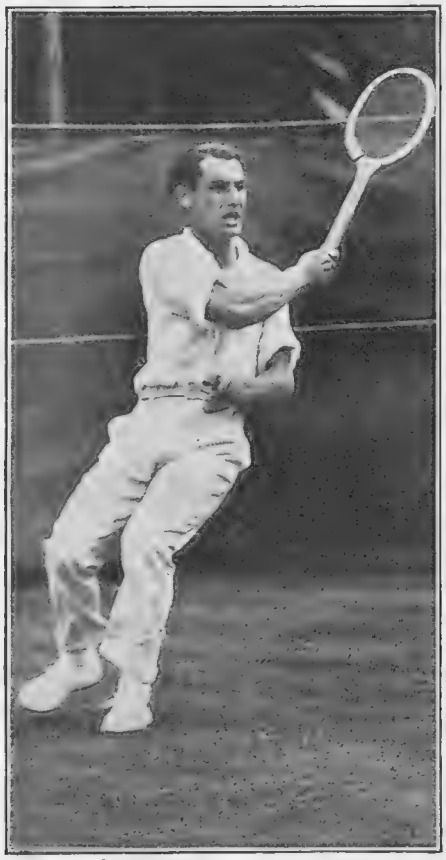
I.B.

MR. F. H. SAMUELSON (left), BARON D'ERLANGER AND CAPT. R. C. GALLOP, THREE OF THE LAGONDA DRIVERS

I.B.

CAPTAIN WOOLF BARNATO IN THE WINNING BENTLEY AT PONTLIEUE

The Sixth Grand Prix at Le Mans resulted in a brilliant win for Britain, when a Bentley car, driven by Captain Woolf Barnato and Mr. B. Rubin, broke the world's record for the distance covered in 24 hours on the road. It covered 2,669·272 kilos, the previous record being 2,414 kilos. The race resolved itself into a duel between the Bentley and the Stutz, driven by Messrs Brisson and Bloch, which finished second



Photographs

G. DE STEFANI, OF THE ITALIAN TEAM

Sport and General

BARON H. L. DE MORPURGO, ANOTHER ITALIAN PLAYER

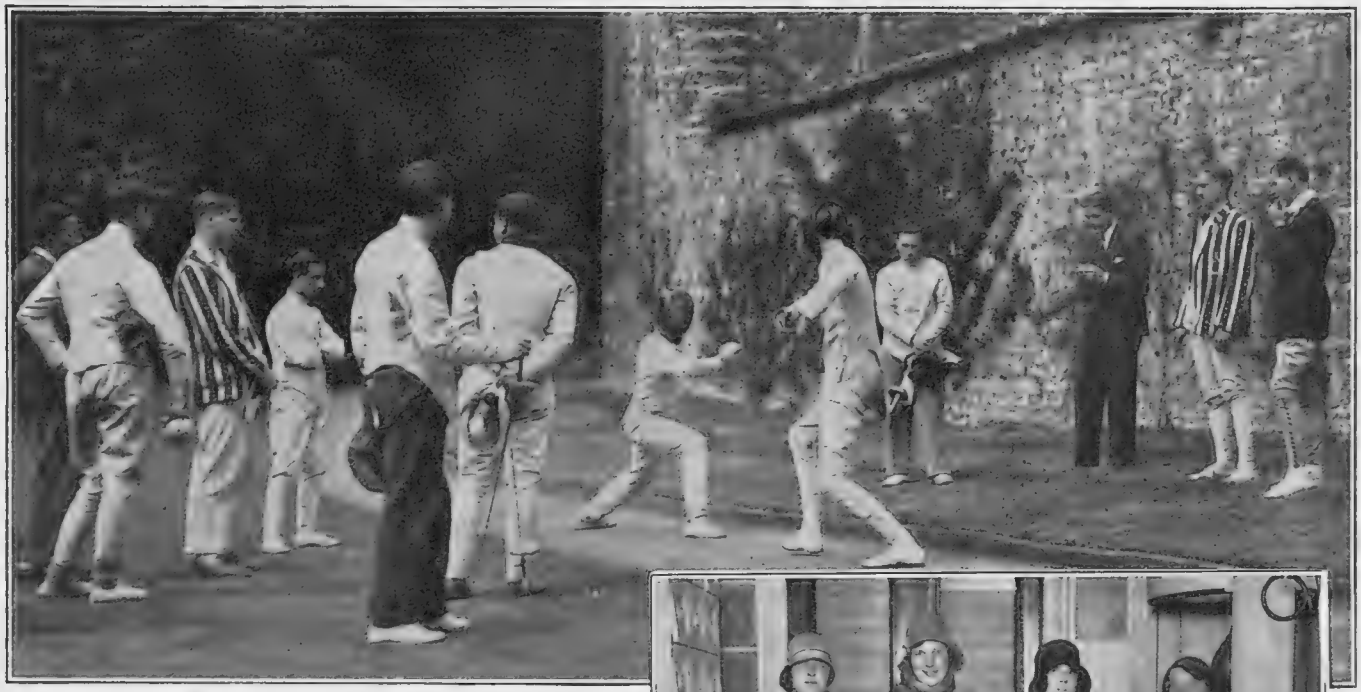
Two members of the Italian team which defeated Great Britain at Felixstowe in the semi-final round of the European group of the Davis Cup. Although unused to grass courts, the visitors played with remarkable determination and their victory was well deserved. Their next opponents will be Czechoslovakia

Topical

A CHAMPIONSHIP WINNER

A. Tingey, Jr., the Frinton-on-Sea professional, who won the Belgian Open Golf Championship at Brussels with a score of 297 for 72 holes. He is seen holding the Cup won by Essex Golfers during a recent visit to Belgium

As Seen Under June Skies



Topical

AN OXFORD INTERLUDE

A picturesque scene in the gardens of New College, Oxford, during the Inter-College Fencing Competitions. Last year's winners, Exeter College, were defeated by Oriel

Sport and General

A LADIES' SWIMMING ENCOUNTER

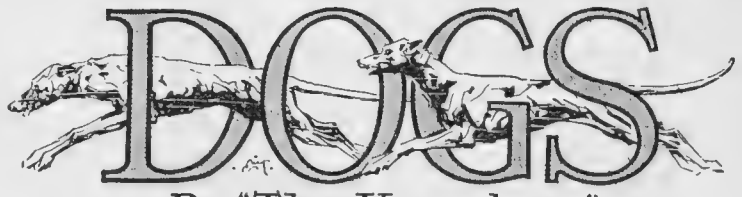
Some of the ladies who took part in the Oxford v. Cambridge swimming match. Standing: Miss E. M. Snodgrass, Miss D. M. Graetz, Miss G. S. Blackburn (all of Oxford), and Miss L. V. Morgan-Browne (Cambridge). Sitting: Miss F. E. Francombe (Capt., Oxford), Miss M. Crossley (Cambridge) and Miss B. Coulton (Sec., Cambridge)

"IN THE SWIM" AT PUTNEY *Planet News*

The Australian Girl Olympic Swimmers photographed in training at Putney. Miss Bonny Mealing (left), Miss D. Thompson Miss E. Davey and Miss E. Robinson

AT RANELAGH *British Illus.*

The Duchess of Peñaranda photographed presenting the Ranelagh Polo Open Challenge Cup to Mr. Traill, the Captain of the El Gordo team. In the final El Gordo defeated the Hurricanes



By "The Kennelman"

Old Moore and the worshipful company of calendar-makers may or may not have noted the fact, but it is clear that in this year of grace the Dog Days are to extend beyond their customary limits. However, no doubt reviewers will see to it that silly season correspondence doesn't dam the spate of new literature associated with the harvest moon. Information has been broadcast regarding the first National Dog Week, during which, from September 23 to 29, the manifold interests of dogdom are to be served by a concentrated barrage of educational and publicity effort. (The G.H.Q. of the N.D.W. is 37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4, from where a postcard of inquiry brings full information.) It has since been announced that the National Canine Defence League, of Victoria Station House, S.W.1, is organising a Canine Defence Week from September 16 to 22. Then early October will bring that most famous of doggy *tamashas*, the Kennel Club's 67th Annual Show at the Crystal Palace, when the finest Dogs in all the world will be on parade and at home to their friends and admirers for two days; so the 1928 Dog Days are clearly to run on into partridge and pheasant days, in which, in any case, the well-beloved Cockers and Spaniels, Retrievers, Setters and Pointers always have played star parts.

The People's Dispensaries for Sick Animals (P.D.S.A., 14, Clifford Street, W.1) are now treating more than half a million cases per annum; most of them cases which would not otherwise get any skilled veterinary help at all. It's up to all Dog-lovers who have not helped the P.D.S.A. annual Bell Day this week to lend a hand now by sending along something, if only to cover the cost of one bottle of Dog medicine or the like. Reference to the really fine practical work of the P.D.S.A. brings to mind the achievement of one of its most gifted and devoted helpers; Lady Farren, whose book, "Frisky Tales," was published the other day by Messrs. A. and C. Black. It looks like a half guinea book, and a specially attractive one at that, but is generously issued at 6s.; and so, besides being the jolliest, most artistic present imaginable, particularly for animal-loving youngsters, is, in a monetary sense, the cheapest you'll find in a day's march. The many people who gratefully remember Lady Farren's fascinating talks to children in the purlieus of the Peter Pan statue will need no assurance as to the charm and interest of this unique collection of animal stories. "The Kennelman" was under the impression that he had grown up some years ago, but he has enjoyed every page of this book, and warmly recommends it to everyone who is doggy.

It's interesting to note that the R.S.P.C.A. is offering a prize of no less than £300 for a practical substitute for the infernally cruel steel-toothed rabbit trap; something that will kill a rabbit instantly. The steel-toothed abomination only too often means four-and-twenty hours of agony for a white-scutted innocent, and that's a melancholy thought for every sportsman. Being bowled over by shot is no bad end, and the Dogs and ferrets give a quick passage. But the steel-toothed trap—No; one hopes that £300 prize will stimulate some inventor to produce the real right thing *ek dum*.

Bournemouth and Chester both hold their Dog Shows to-day (Wednesday); and the Show for Alsatians at Birmingham, next Wednesday, is to be quite a big affair. July 10 will bring the favourite "Picnic Show," in the Old Deer Park at Richmond, and a couple of days later (the 12th) the many Scottish dog-lovers will be assembled together when the Caledonian Canine Society stages its annual show in Edinburgh.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
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By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

The Dance of Debt

THE CROOK COMPLEX

DESPITE the remarkable material progress of this twentieth century, it is a moot point whether we have not lost more than we have gained. In some directions the signs of retrogression are blatantly evidenced.

The physical pace of life has quickened to such an abnormal degree that the art of life is forgotten, and the great majority can never find time to think. Thought, culture, philosophy, artistry, beauty—all are ruthlessly sacrificed to the craze for speed.

The films represent a plastic illustration of the times. And the films have temporarily ruined dramatic literature. Look around at the London stage of to-day. In a vain endeavour to compete with the cinema, a conglomerate mess of ill-written rubbish, replete with crude action and pseudo-sensational incident, is presented to a bored public as the British drama.

Impossible marionettes, bearing no relation to life, perform meaningless gyrations to the pipe of the publicity-seeking producer, who, with his tongue in his cheek, winks knowingly at the author, and mentally decides on a "repeat" order: "The Mixture as before."

In the sheep-like brains of manager and producer and author, of the type who persistently follow the call of the mass, the "crook complex" is at present dominant.

At the moment it is a rarity to discover a cultured character with a semblance of life depicted on the stage. The cheap charlatans have jumped their claims and annexed the field. Men crooks and women crooks, sleek crooks, obese crooks, tall crooks, short crooks, square crooks and fair crooks, fight to rule the roost. As dramatic works these nauseating crime plays do not exist. They create no illusion, the wooden puppets with their dummy pistols inspire only ridicule. The so-called plots, when not childishly obvious, are incoherent to the point of insanity. The ingredients are mixed at random; promiscuous murder, perpetual theft, attempted rape, with crudely interpolated splashes of sentimental bilge from an injured *ingénue*, form the invariable recipe. The art of construction—the technique of which requires years of subtle study—is completely ignored; characterisation is totally absent; once the dummies are labelled, they "deliver the goods" marked on the label. Not one thought of value, not one line that will live. Only a residue of appalling crudity, banality, and the vulgar romanticism of *The Police Budget*.

* * * * * * *

There will shortly be a revulsion of feeling against these second-rate, uncultured, blood and-thunder writers and their Puppet plays. Their influence is bad upon the weak-moralled majority.

* * * * * * *

It is not easy to connect the strident lines of crooked plays with the bland symmetry of perfect trousers. All that can modestly be said is that there is more thought, artistry, and craftsmanship put into one of Pope & Bradley's suits than there is in a dozen maudlin crook dramas.

Lounge Suits from 10 guineas, Dinner Suits from 14 guineas, Dress Suits from 16 guineas, Overcoats from 10 guineas, Riding Breeches from £6 16s. 6d.

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Some are written with a brush on rice-paper, like the Chinese letter, part of which is reproduced here and others are in languages, the names of which are hardly known to most people.

All these writers, these hundreds of thousands of Sanatogen-users are satisfied; more than that—they are grateful because Sanatogen has made them healthier than they have been for years. Their weakness is conquered, their blood is strengthened, and their nerve strength again restored.

Part of a letter from Mr. Lin Shih-Feng *of Shanghai.*

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CRICKET

CRICKET ECCENTRICITIES

BY MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

Central News

A FLYING CATCH

Flt.-Lieut. R. E. G. Fulljames photographed in the act of making a spectacular catch in the slips from Lieutenant T. Bevan in the Army versus Royal Air Force match at the Oval. The Army was decisively beaten by ten wickets

NEARLY every celebrated player has some peculiar habit when either batting or bowling. These habits have probably, in the first place, a nervous origin, but though long acquaintance with all the hazards and uncertainties of first-class cricket may have steeled the mind of the player to whatever befalls, the habits remain part of the man when playing his favourite game. Let me take some of the peculiarities of my own side—the Hampshire side—first.

That great cricketer Philip Mead certainly shows a few oddities when batting. When taking up his stance at the wicket before the bowler delivers the ball he first of all pulls his cap over his eyes, then shuffles his feet, a method of ascertaining his correct stance, and last of all waggles that portion of his person which in the case of our simian ancestors was furbished with an appendage. Whether Mead has made one or two hundred runs, these preliminaries take place in exactly the same way before every ball.

Our two splendid bowlers, Alec Kennedy and Stewart Boyes, have a marked habit of ducking their heads at the commencement of their run up to bowl.

The one and only Hobbs always twiddles the bat round in his hands before taking up his stance at the wicket, whilst he is looking where the fieldsmen are placed.

It seems a curious thing that I so often mention Mr. Fender in my articles dealing with cricket eccentricities, but Mr. Fender is nothing if not original. I have to mention the fact here that he is always trying to take the curl out of his hair by stroking it. He also, for some reason which nobody has ever been able to discover, as his eyesight is rather more perfect than that of most hawks, wears cavernous spectacles, which he assiduously polishes at the beginning of each over, whether batting or bowling. It is also unnecessary to remind those interested in cricket that he never will wear a sweater unless it reaches down to his ankles.

Colonel J. W. H. T. Douglas, when batting, always removes the bail to mark his guard, and takes longer to see where the opposing field is placed than any other batsman living.

Dipper, of Gloucestershire, is the only cricketer extant who always wears a stud in his flannel shirt-collar when playing. Perhaps it is an heirloom and he keeps it there to be safe from burglaries.

Sutcliffe always bats without a cap, and his hair has never been seen to be ruffled. Bale, of Leicestershire, on the contrary, is an excellent bowler, but somewhat tousle-headed. He is about, however, to get shingled at the same place as Sutcliffe, and to extract the secret of his hairwash!

Mr. Rippon, of Somerset, is extremely gesticulatory, and also ejaculatory at any crisis of the game. You would hardly believe the shout of joy he gave when asked to play for the Gents against the Players this month at the Oval.

Major Green, Lancashire's captain, on the other hand, is practically dumb when successful, and when he has made a good score longs to sink into the ground.

I must apologise for having written about the eccentricities and oddities of my friends on the cricket field; I sincerely hope they will not mind anything I have said, but if they do take umbrage at any remark I shall be quite ready to write them a letter of apology.

By Mac

TWO MEN OF KENT

A. P. F. Chapman and "Tich" Freeman, who are the mainstays, in their different departments of the game, of the Kent side this year. They were both selected for the first Test Match

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLY DELIGHTS

RASPBERRY JELLY DESSERT.

Required: 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly; 1 small tin apricots or other fruit; 1 tablespoon shredded pistachios and almonds. Dissolve jelly in ¾-pint hot water, allow to cool. Decorate wet border mould (pint size) with fruit and nuts; pour in a little jelly. When set, add another layer fruit and nuts, then another layer jelly. Repeat till full. When set, turn out and garnish top with fruit, whipped cream or any surplus jelly, whipped. Garnish with nuts.

RASPBERRY BLANC-MANGE.

Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly in ½ pint hot water. Take out a small cupful. Make a custard by boiling ½ pint milk and pouring it carefully upon 1 egg beaten up with 1 tablespoonful sugar. Return to saucepan and place over gentle heat, stirring all the time; do not boil. Allow to cool. Add larger portion of jelly. Mix thoroughly, pour into wet mould and leave to set. When turned out, garnish with the cupful of jelly chopped very small.

JELLIED APPLES.

Peel, core and quarter 3 apples. Cook gently in pan with 2 tablespoons sugar and ¾ pint water. Drain off syrup. Arrange a few quarters in wet mould; add a few raisins. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Lemon Jelly in ¾ pint syrup-and-water; pour a little over apples. Add more raisins. When set, add remainder cool jelly, apples and raisins. Leave to set.

BLACKBERRY MOULD.

Place ½ lb. picked Blackberries with ½ lb. apples peeled and cored, and ½ lb. sugar in a saucepan; add enough water to cover and cook slowly till soft. Strain through a fine sieve. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Lemon Jelly in ¾ pint fruit juice. Stir thoroughly. Pour into wet mould and leave to set.

Red currants, black currants or loganberries may be used in place of blackberries.

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NAVY CUT
PLAYERS
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
10 for 6d
50 for 2/5
20 for 11½
100 for 4/8

FLYING NOTES

Photopress

A FLYING REHEARSAL

'Like a flock of birds on the wing," the R.A.F. 'planes in this photograph are seen rehearsing for the Air Pageant. This spectacular and popular event takes place at Hendon on Saturday next, June 30

At Hendon on Saturday next will be staged the Royal Air Force Display, which is not only the principal aviation event of the year, but has become a great social gathering that ranks with Ascot, the Eton and Harrow match, and Cowes Week as a definite fixture in the calendar of the Season. Representatives from the principal European countries will be there, General Balbo, the Italian Under-Secretary of State, being due to-morrow by air, leading a party of twelve military and naval machines. The display this year has a special interest for professional and amateur airmen of all countries, in view of the participation of many new types. Besides a remarkable twin-engined all-metal machine, which can be manœuvred like a scout, a fast torpedo-plane and four single-seater fighters, the Beardmore "Inflexible" monoplane will be flown, the largest craft of its type in the world.

In view of the renewed interest being taken in seaplanes and flying boats at the present time, which incidentally has received a great fillip as a result of Sir Alan Cobham's tour of our seaports on the "Singapore," we can expect in the near future a meeting where aircraft will be seen other than those which can land on Hendon Aerodrome. Cowes would provide an excellent venue for such an event, which could include flying operations from the deck of one of our aircraft carriers lying out in the Roads. The race for the Schneider Trophy next year may be preceded by something of this kind, especially as it is likely to attract more than the quarter of a million people who saw it at Venice last year.

In his lecture before the Royal Aeronautical Society, Lieut. Bentley described the routine of inspection which he followed during his successful return flight to the Cape on a "Moth" and having eliminated by experience the unessentials, it seems worth reproducing the list for the benefit of private owners who intend making a long flight away from their base, because by following his example they can avoid trouble. His daily task included examining oil and petrol meters, lubricating valve gear and springs with graphite and grease, checking valve clearances, cleaning contact breakers, and paying special attention to the tightness of bolts holding down the engine and those through the airscrew boss.

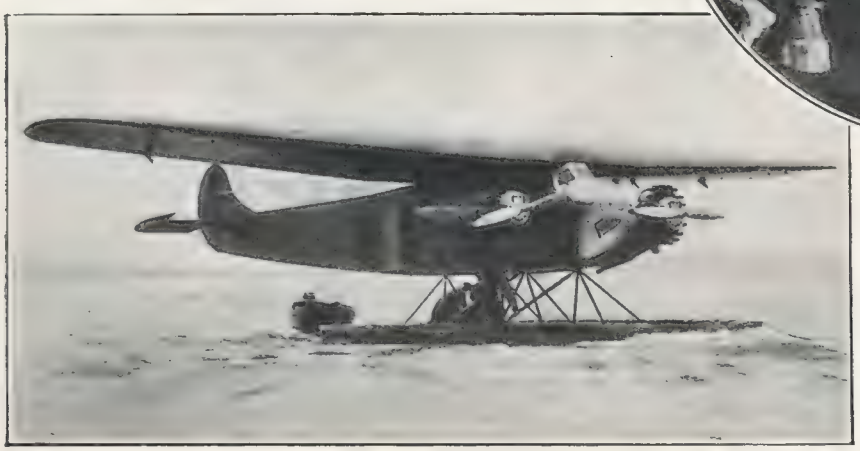
Entries for the King's Cup race and the Siddeley Trophy Tour close at 5 p.m. on Friday the 29th, and it should be noted that the finish of both races is to be at Brooklands, and not at Hendon.

There is a suggestion for a new club within the district of Berkshire and South Oxfordshire; anyone interested should get into touch with Mr. G. Adams, of Oak House, Caversham Heights, Reading.

P. and A.

"SHE FLIES TO CONQUER"

Miss Amelia Earhart, who has won world fame in being the first woman to fly the Atlantic. She is seen here with the seaplane, "Friendship," in which she accomplished the journey in company with Mr. Wilmer Stultz (pilot), Mr. Lionel Ellsworthy (asst. pilot), and Mr. Lew Gordon (mechanic)



Sport and General

AFTER THE JOURNEY

The "Friendship," the seaplane in which Miss Earhart, of Boston, accomplished her Atlantic flight, photographed at rest outside Burry Port. The petrol supply was very nearly exhausted

The Cinque Ports Club formed quite recently has already produced three soloists. The first was Mr. Edgson-Wright, of Ashford, who was a pilot during the War but had not flown since 1917, the second Mr. Dallas Brett, who is the energetic secretary of the club, bent on setting a good example, and the third Mr. F. E. Story, of Hythe. The club uses the Government aerodrome at Lympne, which was the hopping-off place for the "Princess Xenia" when the Duchess of Bedford left with Captain Barnard and Mr. Alliott for the East.

One of the latest pupils at the De Havilland School is an Indian baronet, who was so pleased with the "Moth" that he placed an order for one right away. According to information from India, there will be four light aeroplane clubs subsidised by the Government and run on the general lines adopted over here, situated at Karachi, Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta.

Mr. Irving's parachute is probably better known than Mr. Irving, who returned recently from an extensive European tour on his "Moth," flying the last stage from Hanover to his own aerodrome at Letchworth in ten and a half hours. Few people have such facilities as the Duchess of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, where she can get into a waiting aeroplane almost on her doorstep, and the publicity given to this fact has drawn several inquiries lately from this country and abroad concerning the area needed for a light plane. Provided there are no high obstacles on its immediate boundaries, a site with a gradient of less than one in forty, giving a run in all directions of a thousand feet, is perfectly adequate for a successful take-off.

Photopress

AFTER THE FLIGHT

Sir Charles Cust (left) with Major Brackley, Air Superintendent of Imperial Airways, who took him for a short flying trip over London, photographed at the conclusion of the flight. Sir Charles has been an Equerry to His Majesty since 1892

Imperial Airways carried out an interesting flight in conjunction with the "Flying Scotsman" from King's Cross, passengers being exchanged for the return flight in order that they might compare the comfort and general convenience of the two methods of travel. The passengers were agreed that from the point of view of comfort the airway quite held its own.

The Napier Company have produced a new type aero engine which has been adopted by the Royal Air Force for numbers of aircraft, many of which will take part in the R.A.F. Display at Hendon. Following the usual Napier lines the new engine is of twelve cylinders, fanshape, comprising three blocks of four cylinders each. It develops a maximum power of 570 h.p., yet it weighs under 1¾ lb. for every horse-power developed.

C. E. WARD.

Warwick Wright Says

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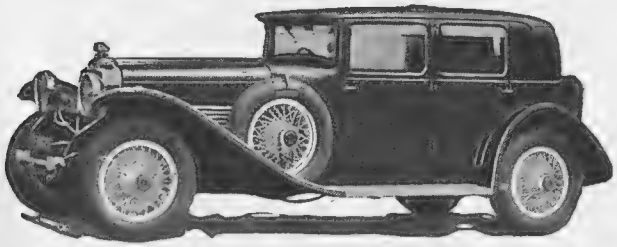
THE SPLENDID STUTZ



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No. 3

The New Motorist

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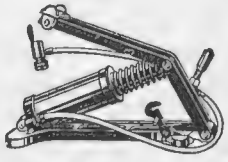

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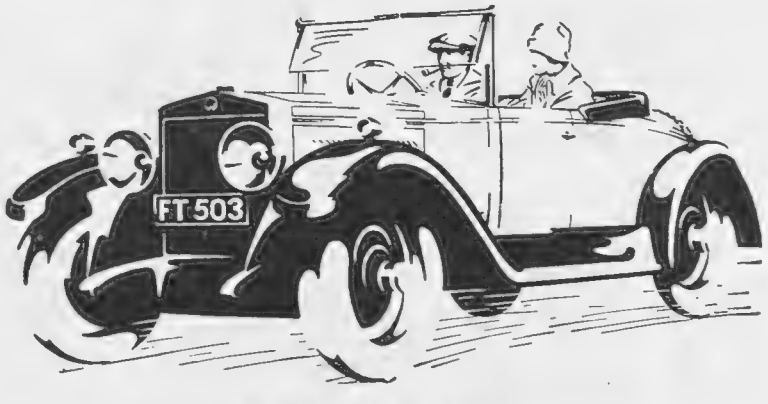

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THE CAR OF INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION.

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

A FLEET OF CARS

An interesting photograph of a portion of the fleet of Lanchester cars owned by H.H. the Maharaja Jamsahib of Nawanagar. Seen here are three 40 h.p. models and four 21 h.p. models

IN THE LOWLANDS

A 9 h.p. Humber photographed in the Scottish Lowlands. It is seen in the Bodesbeck Valley, near Moffat

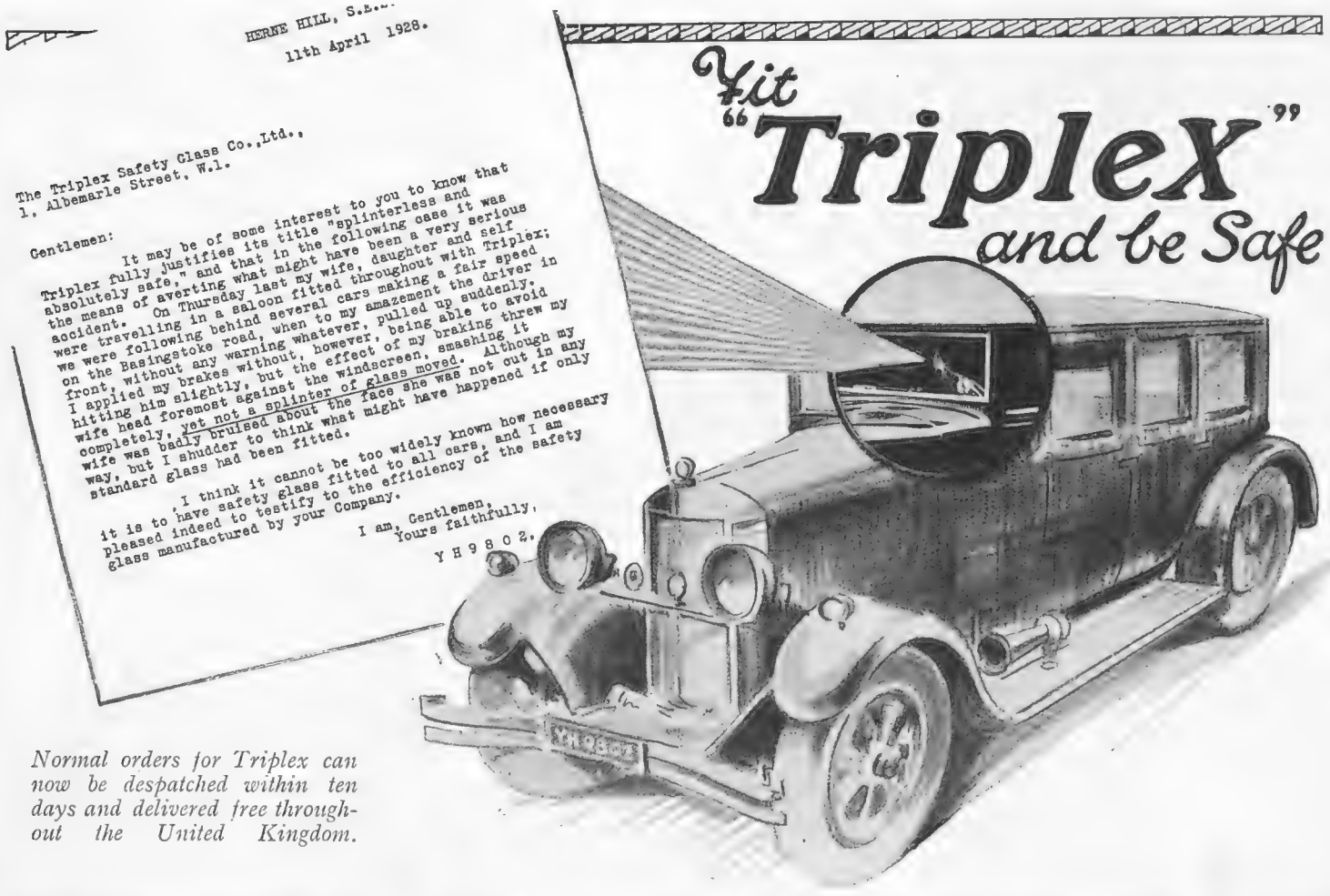
AMPLE arrangements seem to have been made for car parking at the Wimbledon All-England Tennis Championship, which opened last Monday and continues till July 7. The R.A.C. has two unreserved parks with accommodation for 500 and 600 cars at 2s. 6d. per car per day, and one park of reserved stances in Somerset Road, for which the charge is two guineas for one berth for the period of the meeting. There will be telephone facilities between the Club and each of the parks, to enable cars to be summoned as required. The A.A. has charge of the large car park, and numbered spaces can be reserved, a season ticket costing a guinea.

***

THE new Clyno Century model is undoubtedly the biggest step yet towards the £100 car so often visaged. The photograph on page vi shows one of these new cars, the price of which has not been definitely fixed at the time of writing, but is to be "definitely under £115." It is, in essence, the former 9 h.p. car with simpler bodywork and equipment, including battery and coil instead of magneto ignition; but it seats four adults and is a complete car with four-cylinder engine and electric starting and lighting, rigid side screens, and such essentials as a windscreen wiper.

***

EVEN in the sphere of motoring literature one has come across an invention so simple and so useful as to evoke that inquiry—"Why has no one thought of this before!" Very probably "they" have, but when one comes to look at the scope of this Motorist's Year Book (A. & C. Black, 7s. 6d.) it is not difficult to see why they have shied at the task. Running to over 450 pages, it is the most useful and fascinating book I have seen for many a long day. The full title is "The



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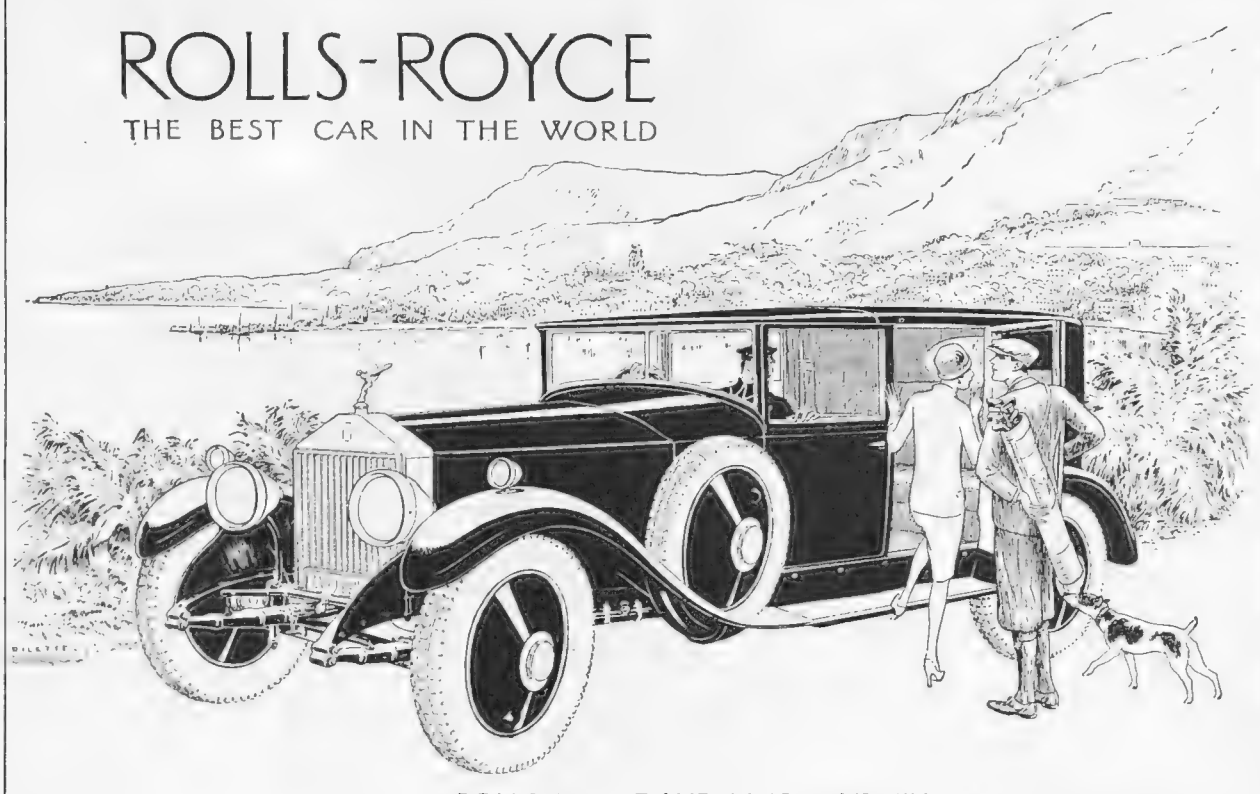

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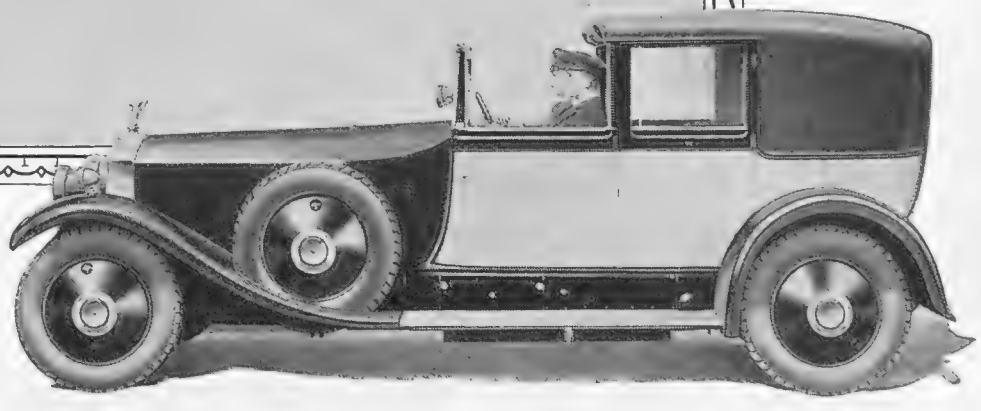
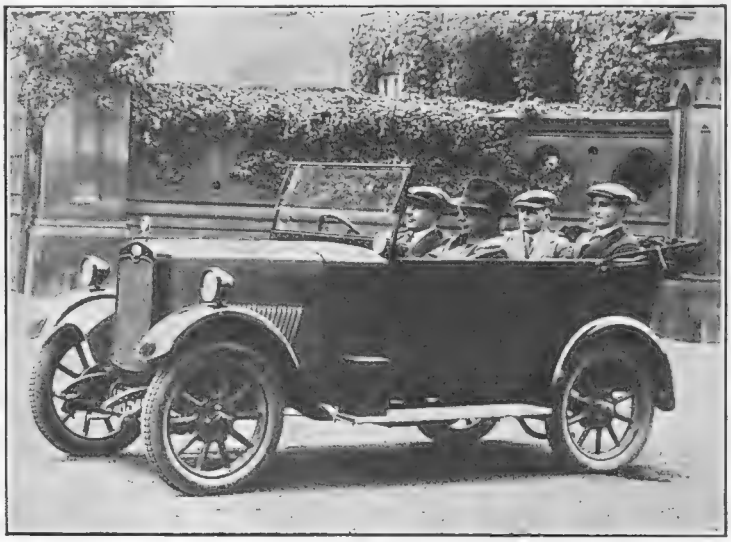


Kennington Service.

Motorist's Reference and Year Book," and the contents include something about every conceivable subject to do with motoring, and a number of special articles by experts. Here are some of the items: Details of all the more important associations, clubs, trade and technical bodies, and of all the cars, accessories, and fittings on the market; intricacies of the engine explained by an expert; comprehensive advice on buying, maintenance, and selling of cars; hints on construction and equipment of the garage; touring in all its phases; a special article on driving methods, and a glossary of technical terms. This brief list covers a mere fraction of the whole book.

***

It is announced from Coventry that the 9 h.p. Standard sports models, which were introduced some weeks ago, are now available for delivery, the period of waiting after an order has been placed having been reduced to a week or ten days. These cars, although of small dimensions, have a particularly fine performance. The saloon (£245) is capable of 60 m.p.h., and the two-seater (£225) is, as might be expected, faster. Moreover, even at maximum speeds they hold the road as well as heavier cars costing over double the price. It is interesting to note that one of these new sports cars competed in the recent London-Edinburgh trial and, like the three other Standards entered, was awarded a gold medal.



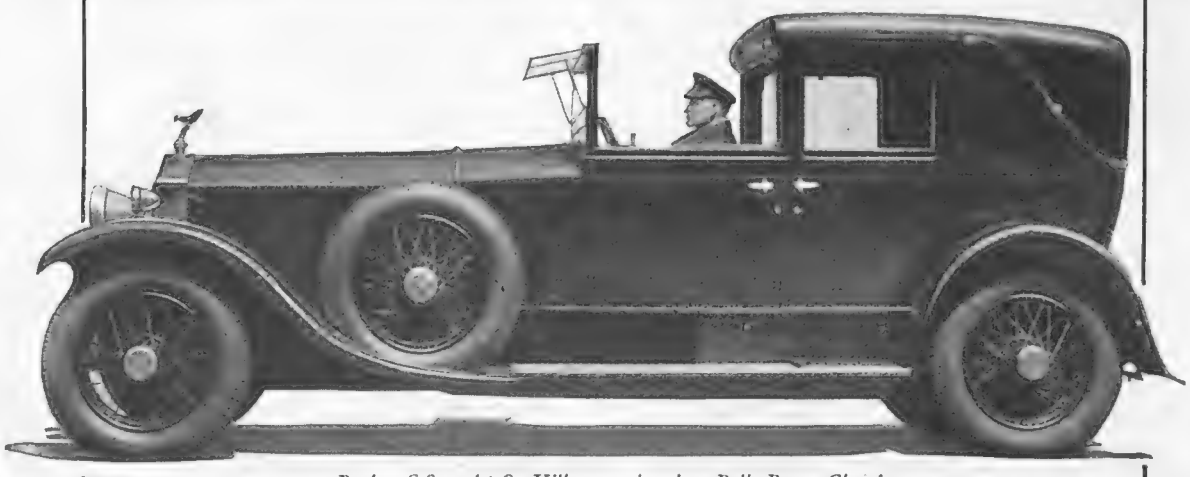
A NEW MODEL

The new "Baby Clyno" 9 h.p. Century model, which seats four adults comfortably. It has a four-cylinder water-cooled engine, Lucas electric lighting, starting and ignition, and Dunlop tyres. Its price will be definitely under £115

English motorists are at last to see a Rally conducted on the same lines as those which are so popular in the South of France. It is to take place at Bournemouth early next month, and there will be a host of prizes for various competitions, principally for distance runs to reach the Rally and for elegance of coachwork. In this connection Messrs. Fiat (England), Ltd., are presenting a silver cup to the finest Fiat car in the event. It is being displayed at the premises of the Fiat dealers, The Westover Garage, Ltd., Bournemouth.

***

Early last year Sir Abe Bailey, the well-known Imperialist, drew attention to the fact that one of the biggest things that could happen inside the British Empire would be the construction of an all-weather all-red motor route from Cape Town to Cairo. The "Rand Daily Mail" and the Johannesburg "Sunday Times," with which two papers Sir A. Bailey has been associated for many years, decided to send Messrs. Millin (journalist) and Bouwer (head of the S.A. Chrysler organisation) on an expedition to examine the possibilities of this scheme. They started from Cape Town on February 8, finished the job in face of almost overwhelming difficulties, and travelled on to London. High praise is given to the Chrysler car for the way it came through the ordeal and to the Dunlop tyres, which came through in such excellent condition. E. M. Wright.



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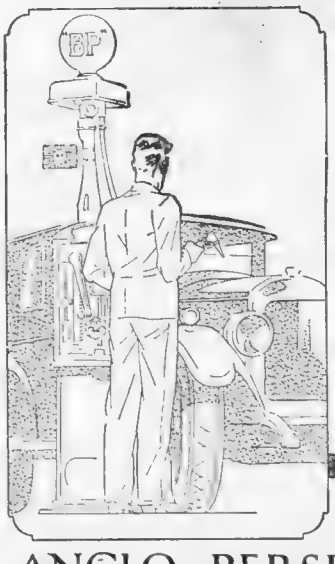

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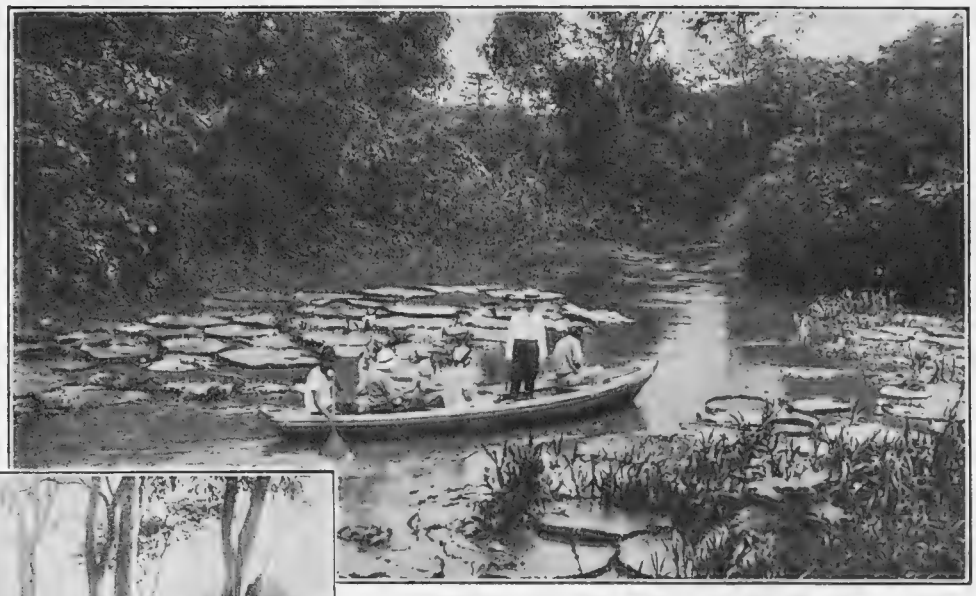
THE LURE OF THE AMAZON

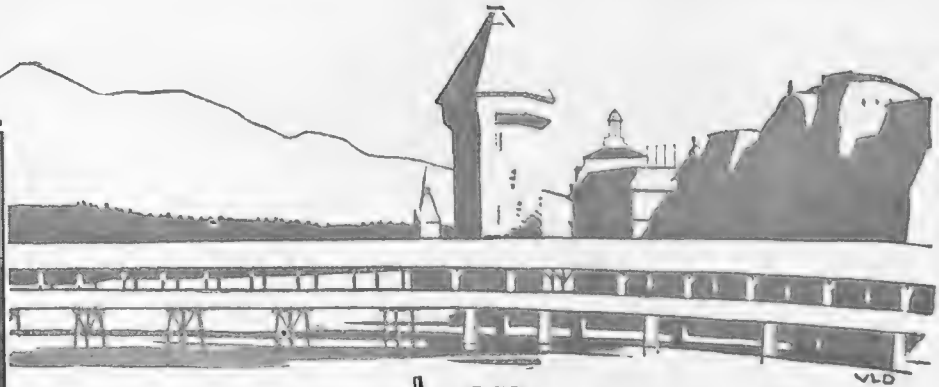
THE Amazon as a holiday resort has attractions which are unique. Although it is so close to the Equator, the climate is not excessively hot. The greatest heat of the day ranges generally between 89° and 94°, but on the other hand the air is never cooler than 73°. Europeans who have never visited the Amazon can form little idea of the wonders of this river. For several hundred miles of its course islands of waving palms split up the yellow-coloured flood into a maze of lagoons bordered by Equatorial forests. Queer native races, curious animals, brilliantly coloured birds, butterflies, and orchids all combine to make a picture that will live in the memory. A six weeks' cruise from Liverpool to Manaos, a thousand miles up the Amazon, and back by the luxurious Booth liner, "Hildebrand," makes a holiday that is inexhaustible in interest and reasonable in price.



GATHERING VICTORIA REGIA LILIES IN AN AMAZON BACKWATER

A CATCH OF PIRARACÚ—THE LARGEST FRESH-WATER FISH IN THE WORLD

. . . "when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak, and crag,
And the immeasurable heavens break open to their highest."



Daybreak on Lake Lucerne

First there is a brightness.

The brightness kindles into a blinding gleam; the gleam widens into a burnished face of steel. It is day on Lake Lucerne!

The Lake takes to itself the intensity of the cloudless blue above, with the richness of the depth below. There are mountains now in the Lake! Inverted mountains, poised precariously on their snow-capped crests; stripes of purple and green for their flowery, grassy shoulders.

A city of dolls' houses next, perched on their roofs of geranium red, is balancing itself in the sheen. A ripple will cause an earthquake in the city that is upside down.

The shadows shorten to the shore, the sun mounts higher and higher. The dream city fades; the mountains return to their state. Fairyland is dissolved! Yet a mental photograph of an exhilarating freshness and light has been caught, a photograph that will never be dimmed.

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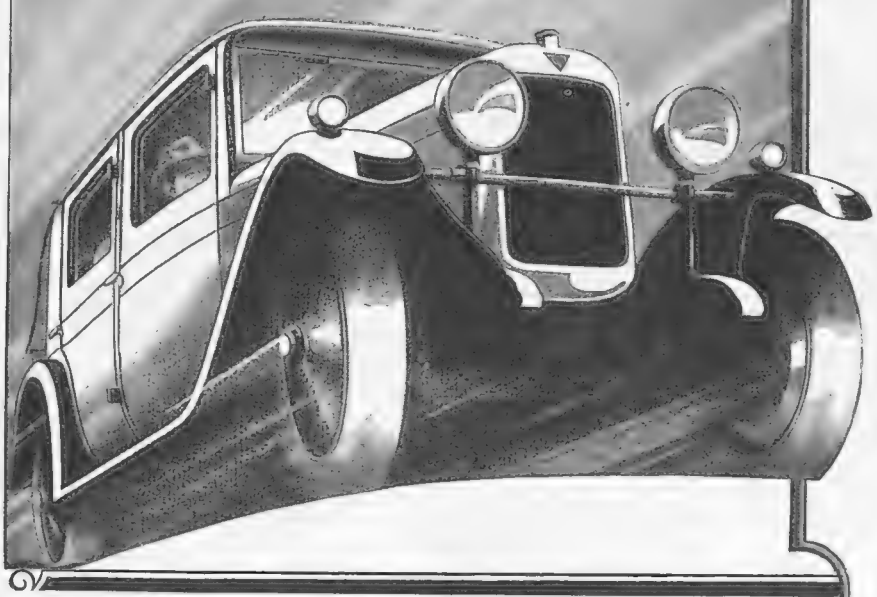

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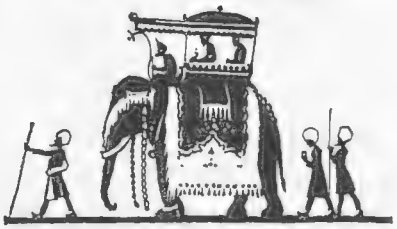

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Evening Dresses Are Longer

MUCH has been said and written concerning longer skirts, but, as a matter of fact, day dresses are really, generally speaking, as short as ever, although draped effects and uneven hem-lines give them an appearance of length. The skirts of evening frocks, as the latest Paris Collections testify, *are,* however, actually longer, and *decolletages* are in unison, being cut longer, too, both in front and at the back, especially at the back. Soft, rather simple fabrics, georgette, chiffon, etc., combine in favour, and for cloaks, *lamès* both plain and patterned.

You Must have a Beach Suit

THE beach suit is Fashion's favourite at the moment, and is to be found in many delightful aspects at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. All the world will sun themselves after their daily bathe in these delightful little affairs, that usually take the form of "three-pieces," with three-quarter length coats, or will find a happy use for them as breakfast costumes. Floral *crêpe de Chine* carries out the model at the top of the page, and for the other, heavy *crêpe de Chine* is employed, with an effective trimming of tinted lace.

Summer is Here

FOR the Summer Season, now officially with us, light, airy fabrics, georgette, chiffon and ninon, both printed and plain, were never more attractive, likewise the rather more practical silk-*crêpes*. And this in spite of the rather gloomy weather prospects that have been suggested to us by the weather prophets! Well, prophecies, of any kind, are not necessarily correct, and in any case *La Mode,* who generally has an eye to the future, has provided for every contingency. For just as frocks are lovely, so this year are wraps, rendering *ensembles* fascinating when the skies are dull, and detracting in no way from the beguiling effect of the frock underneath when the sun shines and outer coverings can be cast off.

Every Frock its Wrap

WITH simple morning dresses of thin materials, wraps cut on plain, sporting lines are worn, carried out in a wollen mixture or even tweed. And in the afternoon they are "infinite in their variety," expressed in the various new silk-*crêpes*—"Tiflis," "Danabas," etc., etc., or in a satin-*crêpe,* in which both the dull and shiny side are used to create the most intriguing effects. Often, in order to give a feeling of unity, wraps are lined with the same fabric as the frock with which they are worn.

Photographs *Elwin Neame.*

Fashion's favourite, the beach suit, is to be seen in its most attractive guise at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street

"Beau Geste," in an exquisite crystal container and breathing all the natural sweetness of garden flowers, is the perfect perfume for Summer

An Ideal Summer Perfume

LASTING, refreshing, and breathing all the natural sweetness of real garden flowers! That is the type of perfume that the knowledgeable woman seeks in the summer, when anything heavy or exotic seems almost an insult to the beauties Nature has provided. Such a perfume is "Beau Geste," the ideal summer scent, obtainable at all the best stores, and for which Molinelle, Ltd., of London, are the sole concessionaires. Its crystal container, designed in five sizes, expresses perfection, too, and there is *en suite* a face cream and powder, this last in six different tints. For lovely woman to express her fragrant personality with anything so exquisite is indeed a *beau geste* to the world!

Something New in Felts

THE woman who seeks something original in holiday millinery should certainly pay a visit to Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, S.W. In some of their newest models (see sketch on left), felt and straw are combined, straw in a contrasting colour being used for the border and as a trimming for the crown. The other model sketched, of felt with contrasting ribbon, is really two hats in one, one with and one without a brim, for it can be worn either way round. All the latest shapes in felt and straw, some specially designed with a view to the needs of the older woman, are to be seen in Robert Heath's showrooms; also riding hats for Summer wear, of the correct bowler shape but made of soft felt in various shades; and sporting *bérets* in rainproof velvet, in black and many art shades. And, in conclusion, mention must be made of their lovely selection of tiny hand-made natural feather bird models, the perfect finish to the sporting hat, and their leather hand-painted buttonholes for wear with tweed suits.

Felt and straw are happily combined in one of Robert Heath's latest models

Also from Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, S.W., "the latest" in felt, trimmed with a ribbon of contrasting colour

Patent Leather Bathing Coats

AND as for bathing kit, well, the woman who selects it at Messrs. Marshall's will, so to speak, have her Continental sister beat. Silk and wool bathing costumes, completed by coats, the former priced at 29*s.* 6*d.*, and the latter at 49*s.* 6*d.* Milanese "Swimmers," in all colours, from 49*s.* 6*d.* Printed stockinette models, with the fashionable bolero effect, from 29*s.* 6*d.*! One very *chic* affair has a striped wool sweater, to which a *brassière* is attached, and plain shorts (39*s.* 6*d.*), and this same original shape is obtainable at 12*s.* 9*d.* in cotton Milanese. And wraps! In these a three-quarter length coat of black patent leather, lined with towelling, speaks the last word (59*s.* 6*d.*), and there is also a large range of choice in Terry towelling, patterned and plain. Coloured rubber shoes complete with rubber heels cost from 8*s.* 11*d.*, and gay rubber caps, with earrings attached, are priced from 2*s.*

The Vogue for Embroidery

EMBROIDERY is particularly fashionable just now, and certainly it provides the most attractive finish to the simple styles that La Mode has ordained this Season, both for *grande toilettes* and the smart washing frocks that every well-dressed woman must include in her holiday wardrobe. In the sketch on this page, for instance, Clark's "Anchor" Coton à Broder, obtainable at all drapers, the colours of which are guaranteed absolutely fast, decorates most effectively in multi colours a model of lemon-yellow linen. Another Clark speciality that washes like the proverbial rag is "Anchor," Stranded Cotton; "Anchor" Fox is a thick thread suitable for embroidering heavier materials, whilst "Anchor" Velveno, which brushes up to a furry softness, is ideal for making and trimming hats.

Clark's embroidery provides the most delightful of finishes to the simple frocks that La Mode ordains this Season

Sketches by Margot

Before the Mirror

By MIMOSA

My advice to smart women, who demand the very best results, is to leave most toilet preparations alone. When facial applications are necessary get only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist himself. I will tell you in this column from time to time just what to get and how to use it. Do not be persuaded into buying some cheap toilet preparation. Any chemist can supply you with genuine concentrated ingredients, if he will, and I know personally that most firms make a speciality of selling original packages of all kinds of pure ingredients, both direct and by post. I can point out to you, however, many useful hints, which involve no expense at all.

"Renewing the Complexion."—Yes, the discoloured, faded outer veiling of the complexion must be absolutely removed, and I know of no safe way to do this except to use a little Mercolized Wax, applying it at night like cold cream. The active principle in Mercolized Wax soon absorbs the weakened and devitalised surface which so annoys you, revealing the fresh and beautiful young skin underneath, which is always there only waiting to be freed. The process usually takes about ten days, is quite harmless, and acts so imperceptibly that no one can tell what you are doing.

"Removing Hair."—I always recommend caution in the selection of a hair remover, and therefore suggest that you only use sipolite, instead of the depilatories you mention. Get about half-an-ounce from the chemist, and mix a little into a paste with a few drops of water. Applied direct to the superfluous hair, it causes it to wither and die in a few moments, when it can be rubbed off, leaving no trace.

"The Rouge Question."—Complexions of your type never acquire a natural rosy tint, no matter what may be done for them. If you really insist upon a colour, let me dissuade you from your evident inclination to use rouge. A far more refined thing to do is merely to apply a little ordinary colliandum with the finger tips, thus accomplishing the desired result by a means which is not obvious.

"About Soap."—I should say that your trouble is caused by the soaps you have been trying. Personally, I always recommend a soap called Pilenta, because I have never known it to fail to give satisfaction. It is an absolutely pure, superfatted soap, designed exclusively for use upon delicate skins, and it has the most delightful perfume I have ever found.

"About Shampooing."—Even the best shampoo is somewhat drying, and if your hair is not naturally oily, I suggest that just before the shampoo you apply olive oil thoroughly to the scalp, rubbing it into the hair roots vigorously. Then use pure stallax for the shampoo. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This will leave the hair very clean and glossy.

"Weak Nerves."—First of all, you must bear in mind that each of the millions of cells, which make up the nervous system, needs food, otherwise it starves. Weak nerves are starved nerves. Iron-Ox tiny tonic tablets keep your blood pure and rich in nerve-strengthening elements. Give them a trial.

"Fashionable Figure."—Clynol Berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. Get a few from your chemist and take as directed.

"Fading Hair."—Tammalite is the most satisfactory drug to restore grey hair to its original colour. Two ounces of the concentrate mixed with about the same quantity of bay rum is all that you require. Non-greasy, it does not stain the scalp or pillow. Apply with a small sponge.

"To Remove Blackheads."—Dissolve one effervescing stymol tablet in a glass of hot water, allow the effervescence to subside, then dip a small sponge into the liquid and mop over the face. Allow it to remain on for a few minutes, then wipe off with a towel, and the blackheads will be entirely removed. To prevent them from reappearing, use a stymol tablet in the manner described, twice a week.

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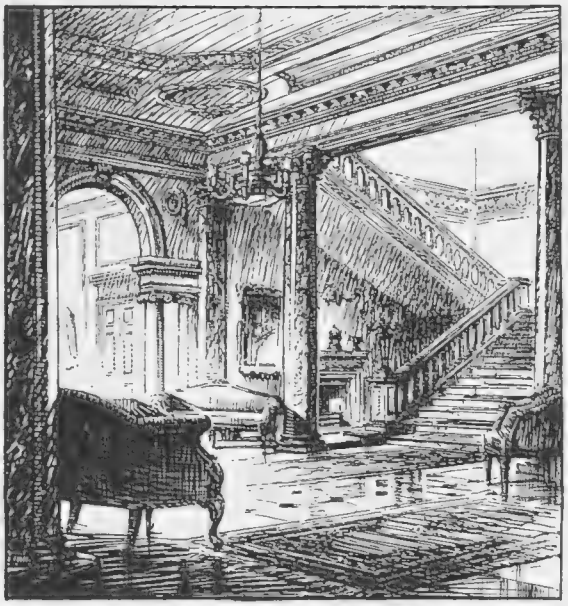

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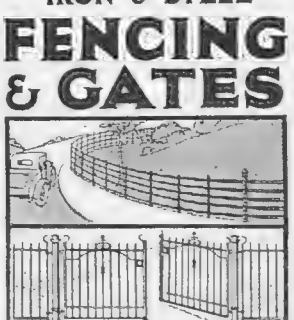

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A Golfing Occasion

For their Two Days' Summer Meeting on June 16 and June 17 the members of the "Three D's" Golfing Society found the course at Sonning in excellent condition. Mr. Ernest Mitchelmore, the secretary, kindly took charge of all the arrangements, and the meeting proved a really big success. In the 18 Hole Medal Competition on the Saturday, in the morning round, R. E. Driscoll was first with 70 net and S. M. Spence second with 73 net. In the afternoon J. D. Prytherch was first with 73 net and E. F. Cutts second with 76 net. The aggregate for 36 holes was won by G. Maurice Wright with 151 net. In the Sunday Bogey Wellesley Smith was first with 3 up, W. Davis being second, 1 up. In the Foursomes match the Trustonians beat the Debenites 6—3.

Travel in Switzerland

The latest example of luxury travel in Europe, the Pullman express from Amsterdam to Basle, is now in being, and this train will continue to run until September 15. It travels *via* Brussels, and from June 30 until September 11 it will be taken as far as Lucerne. First- and second-class accommodation is provided.

Motorists will be interested to learn that most of the Alpine roads are now open, and it is hoped that practically all will be open by the end of this month. Certain cantons charge a tax and demand a pass from motorists over these roads, but the charges are more or less nominal.

The Season at Deauville

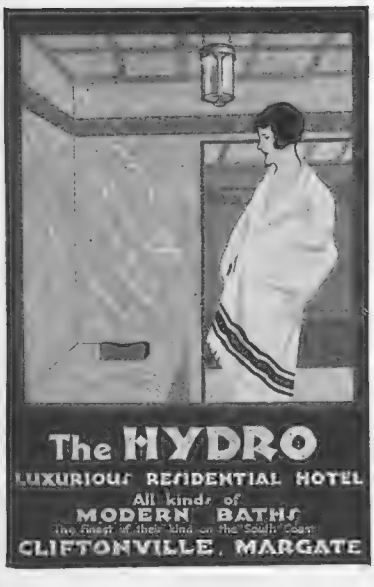
Until September brings it to a close, the season at Deauville promises to be a succession of brilliant fêtes and galas, all tastes being catered for. The opening item on Deauville's programme is the Franco-British Fête from June 30 to July 2. This will be followed by the Fencing Tournament from July 4 to 8, the last day also being the date of the first *Concours d'Elégance* for motors, the second taking place on September 2. Between July and September pigeon shooting and polo matches have been arranged, and from July 15 to 21 is Regatta week. Another sporting event will be the horse riding and driving race from Paris to Deauville, from July 24 to 27. During August the yearling sales will take place, and between August 4 and September 9 the race meetings will be held. The Women's Lawn Tennis match between France and Australia will be the big attraction from August 4 to 8, and the International Tennis Championships have been arranged to be played between August 26 and September 2. At intervals during the season there will also be fashion displays, particularly of bathing costumes, and the facilities of Deauville for golf and tennis, of course, need no description. Throughout the season a very full programme of opera, ballet, and plays has been arranged at the Théâtre du Casino.

IN SUNNY NORMANDY

A photograph of the Grand Hotel and Casino at Pourville-Sur-Mer, a delightful holiday resort in Normandy. Pourville-Sur-Mer is only five hours from London, and bathing, tennis and golf are among the attractions offered. The Grand Hotel, which faces the sea, has 150 rooms, and an excellent cuisine

New Gramophone Records

Lovers of ballet will welcome the new records of the "Three-Cornered Hat" suite (De Falla) which have just been issued by the Gramophone Company. This charming suite was recorded by the New Light Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sergent, and is in four parts on two records. The charm of ballet music is not always appreciated to the full at an actual performance, when the attention is of necessity chiefly held by the stage spectacle. These records will enable music-lovers to extract the last atom of enjoyment from the suite.



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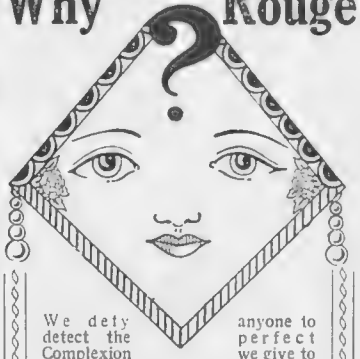

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Mayonnaise of Eggs.
A Dressed Crab.
Ragoût of Duck.
Pineapple Whip.

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Remove the flesh from the body and legs of a large crab, pound it into a paste, add three large tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs and three tablespoonfuls of cream, half the rind and juice of a lemon (the former minced finely), and cayenne to taste. When all these are well mixed together put all into the shells, which must be buttered, cover with breadcrumbs, and cook until a golden brown.

Ragoût of Duck and Rice

Wash 4 oz. of rice and cook it in a little stock until nearly tender. Cut a cooked duck into neat joints. Melt 2 oz. of butter in an earthenware pan, toss the pieces of duck in it, sprinkle in 1 oz. of flour, and fry till a light brown colour. Then add one pint of stock, stirring it in smoothly. Add some parsley, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice, three shallots, one teaspoonful of red currant jelly, and a small wineglassful of port. Put in the rice, cover with the lid, and let the whole simmer in a casserole for thirty minutes. Serve hot in the casserole.

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Grate some pineapple, and mix with it some stiffly whipped cream. Serve in paper cases or in meringues, with a few candied violets on top.

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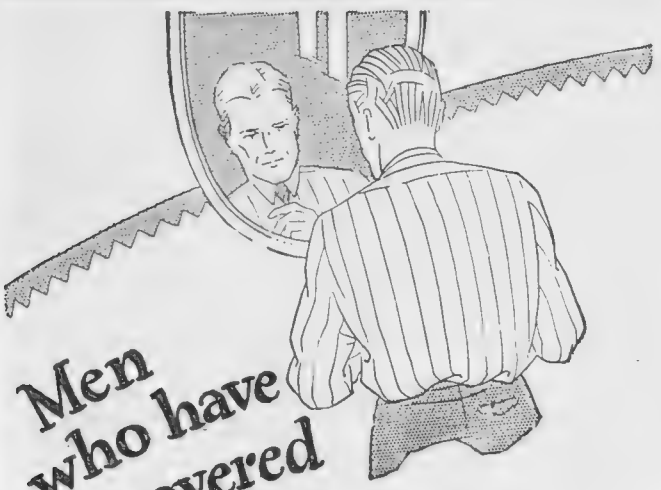

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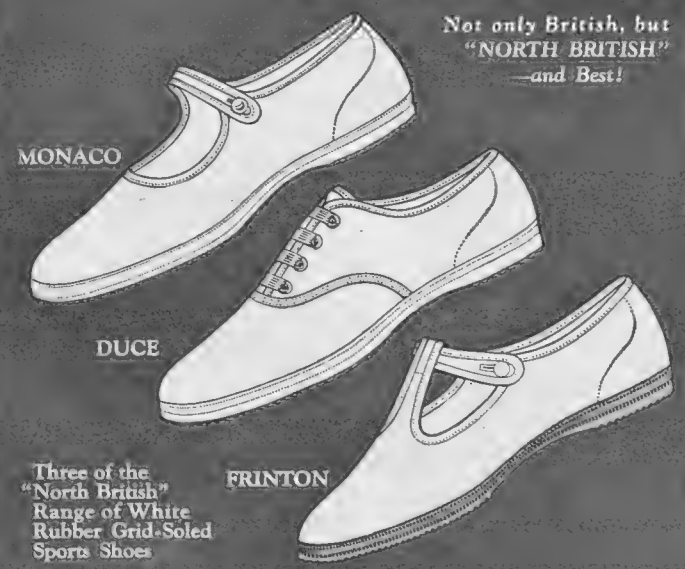

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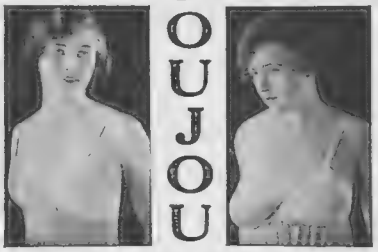

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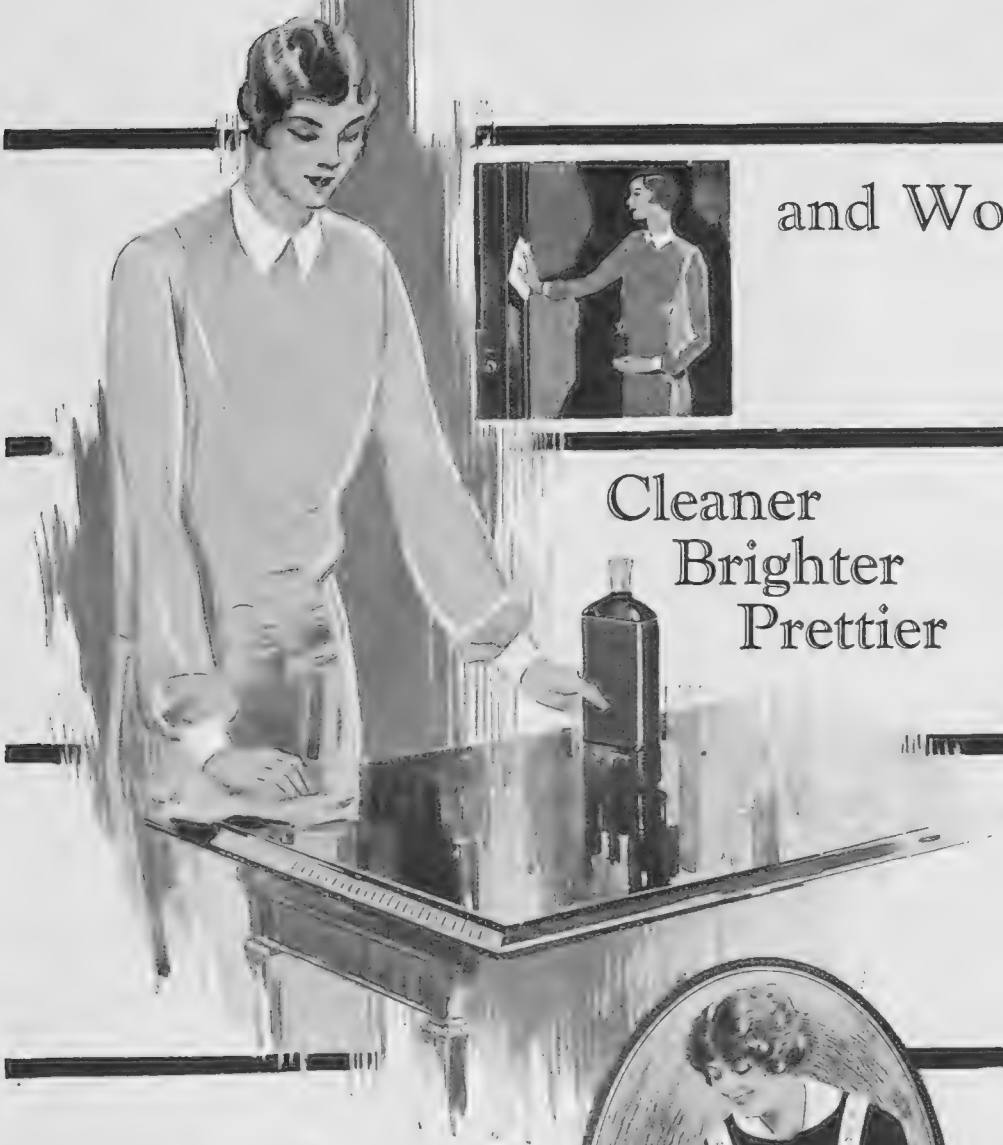

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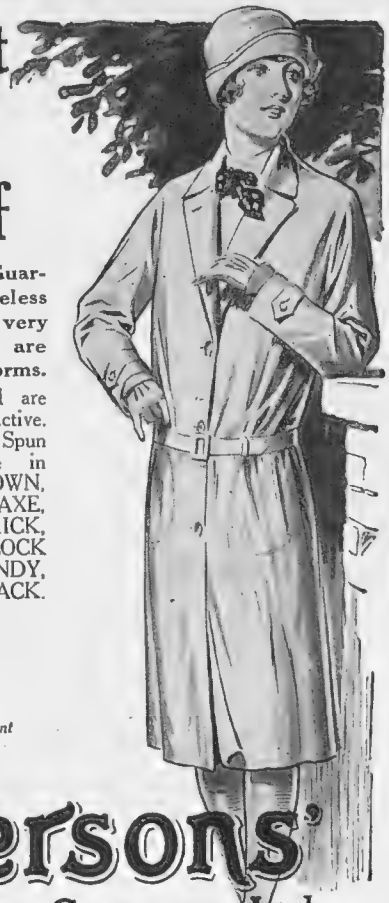

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MODEL BY

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In size 48, 45/9.

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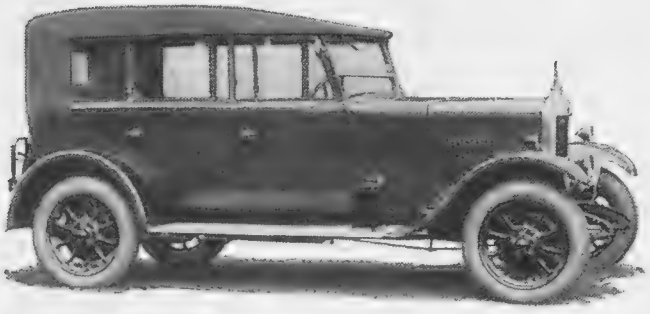

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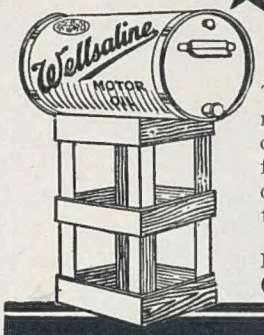

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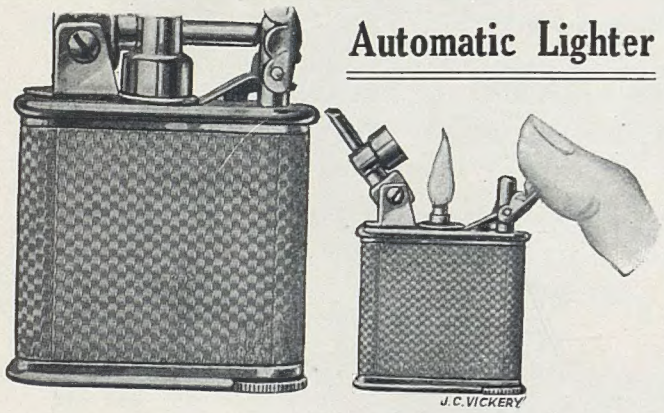

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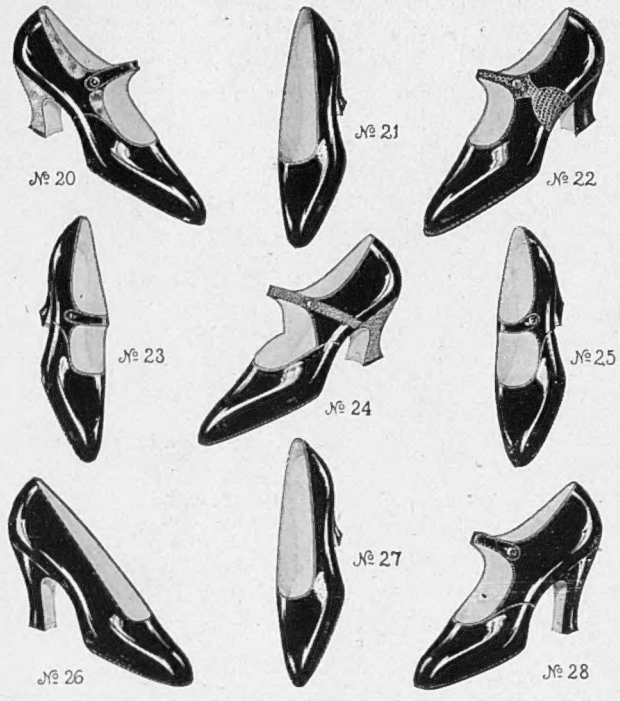

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